

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

One of the problems which have always interested me and from its intimate connection with the life that all married men lead must interest everybody, is, how shall the widow be cared for when we go away? Somehow the consensus of opinion amongst commercial men is that a short life is all that they have before them. Too often it is true that men who have to know everybody drop quickly out of the race. It is hard, for as a rule how well they know how to live, and how much they seem to enjoy life! But it is not of the commercial man nor the business man that I desire to write; it is with regard to the woman who is his wife.

The widow is an unfortunate woman. If she married for love she is perhaps more unfortunate than if she married for a home. At any rate her desolation is the climax of misery. Her past may be the story of a love lost, of a loved one who is gone, but what is her future? I see before me a home which I had occasion to visit after a funeral. The little drawing room out of which a coffin had been taken, a woman in widow's weeds who sat by a window, the curtains of which were still heavy with the odor of tobacco—the absolute desolation of the house was enough to make a strong man weep.

What could she do? Brought face to face with calamity what can any of us do? But a woman who has been reared as the pet of her parents, as the petted companion of a husband, what can she do? I sat down as far off as is right that we should, mumbled some commonplaces and waited to hear what she had to say. She had nothing to say, unfortunately for me; she was simply desolate. There were two babies upstairs who were innocent of having lost the bread-winner of the family; of course they had nothing to say. Her cry was, "How is a living to be made?" I tried to reckon up how three thousand dollars life insurance could be made to supply the family with a home. I was met by the fact that three thousand dollars a year had been found barely sufficient to meet their wants.

I suggested keeping a school, renting rooms, yet when she came to scrutinize her attainments and the size of the mortgage on the house in which they lived, she said, "I can do nothing but take in washing or keep a boarding-house." Life is too short and the helplessness of the women we love too notorious to need further discussion. What can they do? What can they do but look out of the window and feel that not only has love gone out of their life, but that life itself has been rendered unlivable?

Every day seems like yesterday if nothing has happened. Last year and the year before, all the years we have known if they are alike are but yesterday, and when into a life comes some sudden and awful change like the one I have described the past fades away and yesterday is but a misery; and yet it is the day that makes us strong or robs us of all hope. Where are the women of to-day as supporters of themselves? Do they know anything well enough to teach it? Is their training such as to make them strong enough to suffer? Those of us who have little women in our households, children to-day but women to-morrow, what are we doing to arm them in the hour of need? What are husbands doing to keep their wives from being helpless? What are wives doing to keep their husbands from being helpless? Are we all leaning on somebody? Are we all hoping that somebody will keep us standing, or are we preparing an easy place upon which to fall? It seems to me the problem of life. That so many are helpless seems to me the greatest accusation there is against our educational system. What do people know how to do? How willing are they to do it? When and where and how are the trials of life to be met? It appears to me a large question; it is not one forgotten by men who are striving to pay for five o'clock teas and little receptions; it is the question of to-day and the wisest are those who will not ignore it.

Mr. Meredith's position with regard to Mr. McCarthy is but another exemplification of the wide generosity with which he regards all his political opponents. I imagine the most enthusiastic friend of Mr. McCarthy could hardly imagine Mr. W. R. Meredith as the natural ally of Mr. McCarthy. I believe Mr. Meredith has been too cautious in choosing from amongst the apparently independent men, those who should have been attracted to his standard. Even if this be true, and remembering the peculiar manner in which the leader of the Ontario Opposition was induced to assume the attitude of quasi-hostility to the hierarchy, it was not natural to expect Mr. Meredith to be even as friendly as he was. When George R. Parkin was lecturing in the Auditorium on Imperial Federation, Mr. McCarthy took occasion to say that while Mr. Mowat lost a supporter in Elgin Myers—he had just been discharged from his position—he had gained a friend in D'Alton McCarthy, though it did not seem just right to me that Mr. McCarthy should so readily come off on a side track and forget the man who had sacrificed himself in order to oppose Mr. Mowat. Just why he said it, is not material; a public man must be so absolute and exact in his statements as to prevent the public from going away with a

false impression. No matter what Mr. McCarthy meant, the result of his speech was to convince the followers of the Ontario Government that for one act in which he demonstrated his loyalty Sir Oliver had been condoned by Mr. McCarthy for all his offences. This may not have been Mr. McCarthy's intention, but such was the effect of Mr. McCarthy's speech. Just where we are to find Mr. McCarthy at the next general election is quite as problematical as ever, though he has spoken. If I were to be permitted to play the part of a candid friend I should suggest that Mr. McCarthy take an early opportunity of telling us just "where he is at," what tariff reform he wants, how far he intends to go in his opposition to the dual language and what will satisfy him with regard to Separate schools. It appears to me that Mr. Meredith having been so generous and having reiterated his belief that the Opposition in Ontario must adhere to their old policy, the leader of the new

pectus of an exodus which is unlikely to take place!

That there is a chance for a Reformer, that there is a clamor for a MAN must be admitted. The cry, however, is not for one who shrouds himself in ambiguous criticisms; we have critics enough. How are we to be given a new leader, a policy which is likely to be sufficiently attractive to separate the Conservative Ephraim from his idols? I think it is very nearly time that Mr. McCarthy considered this phase of the question.

The opportunity a new leader would have just now is to be found in the indefiniteness of both Sir John Thompson's and Mr. Wilfrid Laurier's platforms. Both fear to antagonize by being too positive, yet at the present moment a very positive man with a strong personality is being sought after by the people. The followers of both the old leaders are some-

ing Lake Simcoe water into the city are now denouncing the conduit and its possibilities. It is also passing strange that while recognizing that the present conduit is a failure these newspapers should still cling to the idea of pumping the dirty water of the bay into the mains and reservoir of the city. SUCH A SYSTEM WILL NEVER BE RIGHT. Until we get our supply from Lake Simcoe, or from the system of underground reservoirs existing in the Ridges, our water supply must be a standing advertisement calculated to keep people who would otherwise be glad to utilize our educational advantages from taking up their abode in this city. I do not desire to harp on a topic which I have made a special study and which has been a great favorite in my calculations of how Toronto can be made great, yet, as I have added a new feature to the ones I have already spoken of so frequently, I may be pardoned if I briefly reiterate the whole proposal.

All I ask of my readers is to sit down and think of what the result of all this would be to Toronto and the great section which contributes to our prosperity and wealth. Why are we lacking in the brains and enterprise to build what would be really an artificial river from Lake Simcoe to the Don? What caused the prosperity of the two great rivals of the North-West, those twin cities which dominate the whole of northern Minnesota, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Why did they grow up side by side? Was it not because of the Minnehaha Falls on the Upper Mississippi? Falls which could not begin to give the power which could be furnished by the scheme of which I speak.

I know of no city in the world which has the possibilities that Toronto possesses in being able to call to her aid this wonderful water power. The trifling associations which are endeavoring to bring manufactures to our city will be ineffectual until we can offer some special inducement such as cheap power. I believe Toronto, if it were only well informed in this matter, would not for a day be lacking in the enterprise of diverting to our city the greatest water power that engineering has brought to any city in the world. It would be the grandest development that the world has ever seen, and its simplicity, its practicability must appear on the surface. Given the facts that a city of nearly two hundred thousand people, lacking in manufactures, desiring a supply of good water, lies four hundred and seventy-five feet below a great lake fed by a watershed larger than that which supplies the water of any city in the world outside of America, and it is self-evident that the scheme is practicable and must be profitable. The reclamation of the land—of which I am informed only by those who undertook a similar scheme, but on the basis of lowering the entire surface of Lake Simcoe—means the adding to the province of between one and two million dollars' worth of the richest land which can be found. Why, with Toronto's prospects so clouded as they are, with money for this enterprise waiting, should the City Council be so dull of hearing, so slow of comprehension? Why must anyone be accused of being a crank because he must nag and nag on this subject before being heard? We have within our grasp greatness beyond the comprehension of the average man. How have millions been made? Has it not been by the expenditure of millions? How have cities and countries become great? Has it not been by enterprise and the undertaking of great works? Then why should the newspapers, which should be acquainted with the facts, the developments, the possibilities of the present age be clamoring for a new conduit pipe through which we must pump water through miles of filth, instead of asking that a scheme be inaugurated which simply means that water is to be let run downhill and supply us always? After the work is once completed the water will continue to run downhill as long as the world lasts, and there are no engines to break, no conduits to rise to the surface, no filth to contaminate the supply. It is feeble to talk about Lake Simcoe water not being pure. Go up to Lake Simcoe and look at the miles and miles of shore from which no sewage pours. There are no possibilities of great cities being established there. The fact that our citizens believe that the water is pure is exemplified by the fact that the ice companies who do the largest business in this city sell Lake Simcoe ice. Why do the citizens demand it? Because they believe that the water is pure. For heaven's sake let us contemplate this water difficulty in a large way. The taxes of Toronto need not be raised a tenth of a mill; private capital can be found to construct the water-course. Let the subject be investigated by men who are large enough to know what they are talking about and it will be found both feasible and grandly profitable.

Talking about the association which has been organized in Toronto for the attracting to this city of business enterprises, I am told that the head of it is virtually opposing such necessary concessions as might attract the McCormack Manufacturing Co. of Chicago, on the ground that their proposal to locate great works here is only a bluff. A company which turns out a finished agricultural implement every minute wastes mighty little time on bluffs. If they want to come into Canada they should locate in Toronto and no effort should be spared in securing their works for this city. I shall say no more at present but shall watch with interest the manipulation, which I fear is not in the interest of Toronto.

Don.

Just now elopements are startlingly numerous. In the majority of cases married women are running away with young unmarried men, and this sort of thing has grown so common that now when a man's wife is belated on one of her shopping expeditions the husband mechanically searches the hall rack for the few cruel words of desertion which usage requires an eloping wife to leave. Men are always declaring with a great deal of decision what they would do under given circumstances. "If I were you," is quite as familiar an expression as "I told you so," and it really seems that any one of us could easily surmount any other person's troubles, although our own are too many for us. There is not more than one man in a hundred, on reading of a married woman's elopement, but promptly asserts that if he were in the husband's place he would let her go and feel well rid of her. At the same time there is

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THAT MOMENT.

departure should inform us as to what he proposes to do—if anything. Ontario is not likely to be agitated by a man who has no set principle and no overpowering personality. Will Mr. McCarthy be kind enough to tell us where he proposes to begin and at what point he is likely to be discovered as ending? He is very unlikely to secure a permanent following until he is able to offer the people a platform upon which he intends to rise or fall. In fact, I think, if I am not mistaken, the popular clamor with regard to Mr. McCarthy's departure is something that people can tie on to. I imagine Conservatives as a rule will cling to their old party and to such modified principles as are suitable to the times, unless somebody rises up who can tell us how the country can be better governed by other men and who the other men are. Until Mr. McCarthy makes such a declaration I very much fear that his expressions of dissent are likely to be considered as a criticism rather than a policy. If he be only a critic, unless he has many endorsees he cannot have many followers; if he does not intend to lead, why disturb our political Egypt with a pro-

what leg-weary and the promised land seems quite as far away as ever. To effect a revolution is not now the work of a negation, of a political negative; it is the opportunity of a leader. Either the idea of leading such a movement or a lucrative brief-book must be abandoned by Mr. McCarthy. It seems to me highly proper that the choice should be made early and the programme definitely enunciated. Parties are not built up by those who hedge themselves about by walls which are more calculated for retreat than for defence. The people are not anxious to be the bodyguard of any gentleman who desires to stand on the ramparts and offer defiance to the Government. If the whole thing has a meaning we would like to know what it is; if it is meaningless we should be obliged if the gentleman will be kind enough to make way for the old party and the old policy, which must be sufficient until we are offered something better.

It is singular how the newspapers which were so eager to ridicule the scheme for bring-

We are nearly five hundred feet below Lake Simcoe. For seven and a half million dollars we could build a waterway and tunnel capable of supplying this city with pure water and sufficient power, when turned into electricity, to move every wheel necessary for manufacturing or locomotion within the city limits. In the next place, I am informed that there are fifteen thousand acres of land near the point where the waterway would leave Lake Simcoe, which by building a short dike could be reclaimed and when drained would be worth at least a hundred dollars an acre. This all could be done in a week, giving the promoters of the scheme a million and a half dollars' worth of property without doing any damage to the water rights on Lake Simcoe. This land could be irrigated and would produce at least two crops of green stuff a year. The whole scheme would give farmers along the route of the waterway irrigation, the possibilities of which are not understood in Canada, that would be more useful in our short, hot summer than people can conceive who are not cognizant of what irrigation has done in other lands.

OLGA'S ESCAPE.

In November, 1879, Olga fell into the hands of the police. It should be explained that when these succeed in arresting a Nihilist they always leave in the apartments of the captured person a few men to take into custody anyone who may come to see that person. In our language, this is called a trap. Owing to the Russian habit of arranging everything at home and not in the *cafes*, as in Europe, the Nihilists are often compelled to go to each other's houses and thus these traps become fatal.

In order to diminish the risk, safety signals are generally placed in the windows and are taken away at the first sound of the police. But owing to the negligence of the Nihilists themselves, accustomed as they are to danger, and so occupied that they sometimes have not time to eat a mouthful all day long, the absence of these signals is often disregarded or attributed to some combination of circumstances—the difficulty or perhaps the topographical impossibility of placing signals in many apartments in such a manner that they can be seen from a distance. This measure of public security frequently, therefore, does not answer its purpose, and a good half of all the Nihilists who have fallen into the hands of the Government have been caught in these very traps.

A precisely similar misfortune happened to Olga, and the worst of it was that it was in the house of Alexander Kviatkovsky, one of the Terrorist leaders, where the police found a perfect magazine of dynamite bombs and similar things, together with a plan of the Winter Palace, which, after the explosion there, led to his capital conviction. As may readily be believed, the police would regard with anything but favorable eyes everyone who came to the house of such a man.

Directly she entered Olga was immediately seized by two policemen in order to prevent her from defending herself. She, however, displayed not the slightest desire to do so. She feigned surprise, astonishment and invented there and then the story that she had come to see some dressmakers (who had, in fact, their names on a door plate below and occupied the upper floor) for the purpose of ordering something, but had mistaken the door; that she did not know what they wanted with her and wished to return to her husband, etc.—the usual subterfuges to which the police are accustomed to turn a deaf ear.

But Olga played her part so well that the pristav, or head of police of the district, was really inclined to believe her. He told her that anyhow, if she did not wish to be immediately taken to prison, she must give her name and conduct him to her own house.

Olga gave the first name that came into her mind, which, naturally enough, was not that under which she was residing in the capital, but as to her place of residence she declared, with every demonstration of profound despair, that she could not and would not take him there or say where it was.

The pristav insisted, and upon her reiterated refusal, observed to the poor simple thing that her obstinacy was not only prejudicial to her but even useless, as, knowing her name, he would have no difficulty in sending someone to the Address Stoll and obtaining her address. Struck by this unanswerable argument, Olga said she would take him to her house.

No sooner had she descended into the street, accompanied by the pristav and some of his subalterns, than Olga met a friend, Mme. Maria A., who was going to Kviatkovsky's, where a meeting of Terrorists had actually been fixed for that day. It was to this chance meeting that the Terrorists owed their escape from the very grave danger which threatened them, for the windows of Kviatkovsky's rooms were so placed that it was impossible to see any signals there from the street.

Naturally enough the two friends made no sign to indicate that they were acquainted with each other, but Mme. Maria A., on seeing Olga with the police, ran in all haste to inform her friends of the arrest of their companion, about which there could be no doubt.

The first to be warned was Nicholas Morosoff, as the police in a short time would undoubtedly go to his house and make the customary search. Olga felt certain that this was precisely what her friend would do, and therefore her sole object now was to delay her custodians so as to give Morosoff time to "clear" his rooms—that is to say, destroy or take away papers and everything compromising, and to get away himself. It was this that she was anxious about, for he had been accused by the traitor Goldenberg of having taken part in the mining work connected with the Moscow attempt, and by the Russian law was liable to the penalty of death.

Greatly emboldened by this lucky meeting with her friend, Olga, without saying a word, conducted the police to the Ismailovsky Polk, one of the quarters of the town most remote from the place of her arrest, which was in the Nevsky district. They found the street and the house indicated to them. They entered and summoned the dvornik (doorkeeper), who has to be present at every search made. Then came the inevitable explanation.

The dvornik said that he did not know the lady and that she did not lodge in that house. Upon hearing this statement Olga covered her face with her hands and again gave way to despair. She sobbingly admitted that she had deceived them from fear of her husband, who was very harsh; that she had not given her real name and address, and wound up by begging them to let her go home.

"What's the use of all this, madame?" exclaimed the pristav. "Don't you see that you are doing yourself harm by these tricks? I'll forgive you this time because of your inexperience, but take care you don't do it again, and lead us at once to your house or otherwise you will repent it."

After much hesitation Olga resolved to obey the injunctions of the pristav. She gave her name and said she lived in one of the lines of the Vasil Ostrov.

It took an hour to reach the place. At last they arrived at the house indicated. Here precisely the same scene with the dvornik was repeated. Then the pristav lost all patience and wanted to take her away to prison at once

without making a search in her house. Upon hearing the pristav's harsh announcement Olga flung herself into an arm-chair and had a violent attack of hysterics.

They fetched some water and sprinkled her face with it to revive her. When she had somewhat recovered the pristav ordered her to rise and go at once to the prison of the district. Her hysterical attack recommenced. But the pristav would stand no more nonsense, and told her to get up or otherwise he would have her taken away in a cab by main force.

The despair of the poor lady was now at its height.

"Listen!" she exclaimed. "I will tell you everything now."

And she began the story of her life and marriage. She was the daughter of a rustic, and she named the province and the village. Up to the age of sixteen she remained with her father and looked after the sheep. But one day an engineer—her future husband—who was at work upon a branch line of railway, came to stop in the house. He fell in love with her, took her to town, placed her with his aunt and had teachers to educate her, as she was illiterate and knew nothing.

Then he married her, and they lived very happily together for four years, but he had become discontented, rough, irritable, and she feared that he loved her no longer; but she loved him as much as ever, as she owed everything to him and could not be ungrateful. Then she said that he would be dreadfully angry with her and would perhaps drive her away if she went to the house in charge of the police; that it would be a scandal; that he would think she had stolen something, and so on.

All this and much more of the same kind, with endless details and repetitions, did Olga narrate, interrupting her story from time to time by sighs, exclamations and tears. She wept in very truth and her tears fell copiously, as she assured me when she laughingly described this scene to me afterwards. I thought at the time that she would have made a very good actress.

The pristav, though impatient, continued to listen. He was vexed at the idea of returning with empty hands, and he hoped that this time at all events her story would lead to something. Then, too, he had not the slightest suspicion and would have taken his oath that the woman he had arrested was a poor, simple creature who had fallen into his hands without having done anything whatever, as so frequently happens in Russia, where houses are searched on the slightest suspicion. When Olga had finished her story, the pristav began to console her. He said that her husband would certainly pardon her when he heard her explanation; that the same thing might happen to anyone, and so on.

Olga resisted for a while and asked the pristav to promise that he would assure her husband she had done nothing wrong, and more to the same effect. The pristav promised everything in order to bring the matter to an end, and this time Olga proceeded toward her real residence. She had gained three hours and a half, for her arrest took place at about two o'clock, and she did not reach her own home until about 5.30. She had no doubt that Morosoff had got away, and after having "cleared" the rooms had thrice as much time as he required for the operation.

Having ascended the stairs, accompanied by the dvornik and the police, she rang the bell.

To the Canadian People.

The Colorado Desert in Southern California is about to be watered.

A man of experience says: "Take no man's word on a matter of irrigation; there is too much money involved."

On the other hand, men of the East do not know and cannot believe what wealth irrigation creates, and how quick it creates it, where all outdoors is a hotbed.

Between the two doubts, it takes some courage to speak of the profits about to be made. And yet you can see, from the yield of one acre, what a million acres is worth.

A thousand-million dollars is going to be created by the Colorado Desert Canal within ten years, if all goes well—most of it for settlers; a hundred-million for our stockholders.

You can take part with us in the general work immediately; or, later, buy ten acres of land and grow oranges lemons figs etc. The largest and quickest returns will come from fruit-growing. Settlers will get their money out of the ground before they pay us much for land and water.

We have a pamphlet to send you; free. Our immediate object is to sell shares. We shall sell shares slowly till ready for settlers, then turn to water and land. The price, to begin with, is \$50; but at

The door opened and the party entered, first the ante-chamber, then the sitting-room. There a terrible surprise awaited her. Morosoff in person was seated at a table in his dressing-gown with a pencil in his hand and a pen behind his ear. Olga fell into hysterics. This time they were real, not simulated.

How was it that he had remained in the house? The lady previously mentioned had not failed to hasten at once and inform Morosoff, whom she found at home with three or four friends.

At the announcement of the arrest of Olga they all had but one idea—that of remaining where they were, of arming themselves and of awaiting her arrival in order to rescue her by main force. But Morosoff energetically opposed this proposal. He said, and rightly said, that it presented more dangers than advantages, for the police being in numbers and reinforced by the dvorniks of the house, who are

this price our whole stock would bring only \$7,500,000. We shall sell no faster than money is needed to pay for the work, and no more than enough to take the canal to where we begin to irrigate; keeping sales back by raising the price. We suppose a \$50 share will be worth \$1,000, when half the desert is irrigated; \$100 this year.

Within three months from receiving water, the settlers will be sending to New York and Chicago car-loads of vegetables at \$50 to \$150 an acre a year. In two or three years the fruit-trees bear. In fifteen years they yield \$500 to \$2,500 an acre a year, and are worth \$2,000 to \$10,000 an acre.

You think these figures too big. They are not; you shall see they are not. If it takes you a year to see it, you lose by your slowness. We shall do our part.

There is a million acres of Mediterranean fruit and nut land under our levels; barren now, because dry; but, with water, quick; and the lay of the land is such that the water will run all over it naturally.

The combination of climate, soil, transportation to market, water, and other favoring circumstances, exists in no other place in the world. Our settlers will have a monopoly of it. Name one other place—it does not exist. We own 1,500,000 acres outside of this—no railroad, no market.

The best measure of what will be done in the Colorado Desert is what is done in the adjoining valley 150 miles beyond; but our climate is warmer and dryer, our season four to six weeks earlier, soil as good, situation better, all the circumstances so favorable that we shall excel and surpass what is done in any other part of Southern California.

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If water turns desert to garden, producing \$50 to \$150 an acre immediately, and ten times more when trees are half-grown, is it strange that the business of bringing water is profitable?

But the business is new to you in the East. We look to you for money to make the canal; we must make you acquainted with what is going on in a dozen valleys in Southern California. Farming is, almost everywhere, hard and slow; but fruit-growing there is easy, and vegetables provide the trees. We shall have no land or water to sell for a year. Meantime, get ready by reading about irrigation.

To save money, we shall make our advertisements short. In a month you will see what we mean; in a year we hope to be acquainted with you. Write for the pamphlet.

THE COLORADO RIVER IRRIGATION CO., 66 Broad Street, New York, and CANADA LIFE BUILDING, Toronto.

all a species of police agents of inferior grade, the attempt at best would result in the liberation of one person at the cost of several others. His view prevailed and the plan, which was more generous than prudent, was abandoned.

The rooms were at once cleared with the utmost rapidity, so that the fate of the person arrested, which was sure to be a hard one and was now inevitable, should not be rendered more grievous. When all was ready and they were about to leave, Morosoff staggered his friends by acquainting them with the plan he had thought of. He would remain in the house alone and await the arrival of the police. They thought he had lost his senses, for everybody knew, and no one better than himself, that with the terrible accusation hanging over his head, if once arrested it would be all over with him.

But he said he hoped it would not come to that—nay, he expected to get clear with Olga and in any case would share her fate. They would escape or perish together. His friends heard him announce this determination with mingled feelings of grief, astonishment and admiration. Neither entreaties nor remonstrances could shake his determination. He was firm and remained at home after saying farewell to his friends, who took leave of him as of a man on the point of death.

He had drawn up his plan, which by the suggestion of some mysterious instinct perfectly harmonized with that of Olga, although they had never in any way arranged the matter. He also had determined to feign innocence and had arranged everything in such a manner as to make it seem as though he were the most peaceful of citizens. As he lived under the false passport of an engineer, he had covered his table with a heap of plans of various dimensions, and having put on his dressing-gown and slippers, set diligently to work to copy one while awaiting the arrival of his unwelcome guests.

It was in this guise and engaged in this innocent occupation that he was surprised by the police. The scene which followed may easily be imagined. Olga flung her arms round his neck and poured forth a stream of broken words, excuses and complaints of these men who had arrested her because she wished to call upon her milliner. In the midst, however, of these exclamations, she whispered in his ear: "Have you not been warned?"

"Yes," he replied in the same manner; "everything is in order. Don't be alarmed." Meanwhile he played the part of an affectionate husband mortified by this scandal. After a little scolding and then a little consolation he turned to the pristav and asked him for an explanation, as he could not quite understand what had happened from the disconnected words of his wife. The pristav politely told the whole story.

The engineer appeared greatly surprised and grieved, and could not refrain from somewhat bitterly censuring his wife for her unpardonable imprudence. The pristav, who was evidently reassured by the aspect of the husband and of the whole household, declared nevertheless that he must make a search.

"I hope you will excuse me, sir," he added, "but I am obliged to do it; it is my duty."

"I willingly submit to the law," nobly replied the engineer.

Thereupon he pointed to the room, so as to indicate that the pristav was free to search it thoroughly, and having lit a candle with his own hand, for at that hour in St. Petersburg it was already dark, he quietly opened the door of the adjoining room, which was his own little place. The search was made. Certainly not a single scrap of paper was found, written or printed, which smelted of Nihilism.

"By rights I ought to take the lady to prison," said the pristav when he had finished his search, "especially as her previous behavior was anything but what it ought to have been, but I won't do that. I will simply keep you under arrest here until your passports have been verified. You see, sir," he added, "we police officers are not quite as bad as the Nihilists make us out."

"There are always honest men in every occupation," replied the engineer, with a gracious bow. More compliments of the same kind, which I need not repeat, were exchanged between them, and the pristav went away with most of his men, well impressed with such a polite and pleasant reception. He left,

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Traveling Gowns.

THE cry through the length and breadth of the land is, "What do I need for a week at the World's Fair?" Never have so many minds seemed to turn to one subject before. Every mail brings pleading entreaties for personal and individual advice.

A neat, trim, traveling gown of light-weight wool is the first requisite, and in many cases it will be all that is needed. It should be simply made, and the smartest gowns adhere closely to the perfection of cut and fit, and clearing the ground by an inch all around. Nothing more convenient can be devised than the so-called "outing suit," consisting of walking skirt, blouse, and blazer; and this, from the variety it affords, so nearly satisfies the necessities of many this season that it is certain to be more popular than ever.

So great is the variety of fabrics that individual taste must decide this point. Light-weight cloths, chevrons, tweeds, whip-cords, hop-sacking, and poplinettes divide favor with the standard English serges. The last-named have so thoroughly proved their desirable qualities, and take so kindly to hard usage, that many women pass by all novelties and without hesitation buy a serge. Dust-color and beige, either plain, or flecked, dotted, or dashed with other colors, and black and white mixtures are chosen for these gowns. Many are simply finished on all edges with severe lines of stitching, others have rows of braid, or tiny folds of the goods. A popular finish for the blouse, jacket, or little coat, is an inch-wide bias band of the cloth stitched flatly, with raw edges. These bands sometimes cover the vest-front, either diagonally or chevron fashion. The blouses are very shallow over the hips, and seldom more than two or three inches deep in the front and back; but occasionally one is seen which is lengthened into coat-tails behind. Most of these are double-breasted, some buttoning from shoulder to waist on the left side, dispensing entirely with the flaring revers. The sleeves are large at the top but not exaggerated; in fact, moderate conformity to the prevailing modes is a marked and pleasing feature of these gowns. They are especially commended for large women who find abundant trimming on the shoulders, and belted waists, unbecoming. The height of elegance for the tailor-made, however, is the coat or blouse with single or double-breasted waistcoat of fancy dotted or honeycombed silk-and-wool veering, showing tiny linen chemisette and four-in-hand tie. Many of these are so made that a shirt-waist can be alternated with the waistcoat and chemisette. The jacket will be even more worn than ever, and many varieties of the Eton are shown, and also the military, which is longer, and trimmed with many rows of narrow braid.

Many ladies like silk gowns for traveling, because they repel the dust so readily; and for these a new English silk is shown of soft, dull finish, in plain, quiet colors, and black. They should be made in severe tailor fashion, leaving all ruffles and flaunting revers and bretelles for dressy occasions. A number of shirt-waists should be provided of silk, cotton cheviot, and silk gingham. With these, one is prepared for any summer temperature, and they make a convenient and refreshing change from the gown corsage. All the fancy taffetas and *peau de soies*, changeable, pin and polka dotted, brocaded and satin-striped, are used for these waists; but the Habutai silks in pretty stripes, and the silk gingham are the best choice for warm weather, as they are soft to the touch and easily laundered. They are made very full, but more simply than heretofore; very little shirring or plaiting is seen on them.

That this is a color season is a fact so well established as hardly to be worth while mentioning. But in all the banks and masses of color that assault the eyes till they tire, are many unfamiliar shades, and these demand naming, in order that we may identify them in the future.

The group of colors generically called purples, or mauves, is the most conspicuous; indeed, there never was a time when one color prevailed in everything as this does now. There are six shades running from pale pinkish lilac to deep damask purple, named from light to dark, as follows: *Persan*, *vervaine*, *Bougainville*, *Ophelia*, *kana* and *eminence*. Mauve is a light lavender, and *eveque* royal purple. *Violette* is a reddish violet, and *Chicago* a dark shade of the same. *Glycine* is a faded blue pink.

Green comes next in popularity to purple, and is often combined with it. There are many new shades, mostly of a yellow cast. *Ortol* is a pale lettuce-green, *Nil* a water-green, and *muguet* the lightest shade of grass green, next which comes *Caspianne* and then *bagatelle*, which is dark. *Pelouse* is a very dark, yellowish green, and *emeraude* and *Rhase* are dark fall greens.

There are six shades, graduating from a chamolite yellow to a seal brown, named respectively *Ceres*, *Junon*, *Martinique*, *tabac*, *modere* and *loutre*. The pinks, cherry and reds have an unusual softness and brilliancy, borrowing the bloom of a flower petal or the lustre of jewels. *Corail* is a light shell-coral, *rose de Mai* a cherry shade of coral, *senora* a metallic hue of dark cherry, and *roi* a brilliant cherry red. *Geranium* is a geranium pink, *Hortensia* the exact shade of a perfect damask rose, and *Francios premier* a darker shade of the same. Silver gray shades are named *nickel* and *platine*. *Ivoire*, as its name implies, is cream white, and shading from it to a golden orange are *creme*, *maise*, *ble d'or*, *paradis* and *Cleopatra*.

It is announced that the congress of Representative Women at Chicago next month is to devote part of one day to dress reform, with exhibitions of reformed costumes in active use. It is even hinted that some of the more enthusiastic reformers are going to wear the reformed garments in public at the fair for the benefit of the visiting public. But that is not the way to advance the cause. The true way to help the dress reform idea is to talk about it, and to show pictures of displaced ribs. That

induces more or less dissatisfaction with the garb of extreme fashion, and helps to make women moderate. But to put on the shapeless waists and short skirts of the reformers spoils everything. So long as woman continues to be built on her present lines, short skirts and bag waists and masculine jackets will not be becoming to her. Doubtless Worth and all fashionable dress designers are sinful creatures, and responsible next after the brewers and distillers for the sufferings of mankind, but it only takes one sight of the dress-reform clothes to make the observer appreciate how much, after all, the Paris dressmakers know about their business. The reformed clothes are so mortally plain, and good-looking women look so like guys when they get them on!

The newest and most beautiful gift a fiancee can now receive from her devoted young man is a French *lorgnon*, quite different in all respects from the conventional tortoise-shell affair. To begin with, the glasses are absolutely round, as big as silver dollars, and framed in narrow rims of rustic gold studded at intervals with mere chips from colored jewels. Then the handle is only as long as one's middle finger, is of rough gold set with the chip jewels, and about as large around as the handle of a quill pen. Just in the end of the handle is a small ring by which the *lorgnon* is made fast to the chain that must go about the wearer's neck. There is something new to be remarked in these chains. Two or three months ago they were simply threadlike lines of flexible gold, something strung at wide intervals with pearl beads; now the jewelers stud them at intervals with beads made of *cabochon* emeralds, sapphires, topazes, and amethysts. The *cabochon* jewel is polished smooth and round, instead of being cut in facets, and not very costly.

I saw some very pretty things in the new art room of the Toronto Silver Plate Company last week. Graceful and artistic lamps, shaded in painted porcelain and delicate silk, laced and flower-bordered; dainty silver candelabra, now so fashionable for tea tables, and a host of smaller articles, reasonable in price and pretty enough to use any time. A dreadfully irresistible impulse seized me often when I notice a tarnished and time worn piece of plated ware on some friendly dinner table to give a hint to my entertainer of the delightful renovation it would undergo if she would entrust it to the clever workmen on King street west. For very little money old things can be made precisely as good and attractive as new.

LA MODE.

Individualities.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, it is said, makes between \$10,000 and \$15,000 a year by her literary work.

Baron Gyal, whom Von Moltke once described as the best cavalry general in Europe, is dead.

Mme. Korvin-Pagosky will have a fine exhibition of her exquisite burnt wood engraving at the Columbian Exposition.

The reinterment of the remains of Jefferson Davis, the patriot of the Confederate States, will take place in Hollywood Cemetery at Richmond, Va., on May 30.

The engagement is announced of Princess Maud of Wales to Lord Rosebery, Mr. Gladstone's Premier and former husband of the daughter of one of the Rothschilds.

Miss Ida Lewis of Newport, R.I., has declined pressing invitations from the World's Fair management to exhibit trophies and medals she has received for saving lives. She particularly dislikes publicity.

Jules Ferry will have for his successor in the presidency of the French Senate M. Challemlacour, Senator from Bouches-du-Rhone and lately elected member of the French Academy of Immortals over Emile Zola.

It is thought that Paul Bourget, whose novel of *Cosmopolis* was the literary sensation of the year in Paris, will be chosen to occupy the late M. Taine's fauteuil in the French Academy. Bourget was Taine's favorite pupil and disciple.

It is said that Adrinoff, the brave fellow who killed Alexejoff, the infamous Mayor of Moscow, is not a Nihilist, but simply one of the innumerable poor devils whom the Moscow official had driven to the mad despair of unspeakable wretchedness.

Senor Canovas, Prime Minister of Spain, had a disagreeable experience with his infant master. While enquiring for His Lilliputian Majesty's health he ventured to call him Alphonso. The little monarch looked up and said severely: "To mamma I am Alphonso; to you I am King." The audience terminated forthwith.

The beating of the record at the late Oxford-Cambridge race was very confusing to those who all along maintained that neither of the crews was much more than fairly good. The unprecedented time, which beats the best previous time by thirty-four seconds, was generally attributed to phenomenally favorable circumstances of wind, weather and water.

Four women have been made honorary members of the Anthropological Society of Washington, in recognition of their contributions to ethnology. They are: Mrs. Tilly Stevenson, who is completing the studies of the Zuni tribe which her husband did not live to finish; Miss Alice Fletcher, who has made studies for the Peabody Institute of Cambridge among the Northern Indians; Mrs. French-Sheldon, the African explorer, and Mrs. Anita Newcomb McGee, D.M., the daughter of the great astronomer.

We must thank Mme. Duse for the modest manner in which she has made her debut on the American stage. The signora has won golden opinions from many who are competent critics, and may be destined, as some of her enthusiastic admirers claim, to the highest place of her profession. If such be the case, it will be all the more satisfactory to the great artist to know that she acquired her reputation without the c'-p-trap devices hitherto considered essential by the managers of talent. The public will owe her thanks for setting an example which may have the effect of sparing it the wearisome details of intrigue and lingo which it has long submitted to as a necessary infliction from the autocrats of the stage.



S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

BUILDING SALE

"YOU can with profit to shoppers," remarked the dry goods chief, "give a breeze about dress serges in navy and black. A serge at 30c. regularly sold at 45c. is a sample of the values we're offering. It's a great sale of piece goods."

42 in. All-wool French C. viciots, 40s; regular 60s goods. A choice selection of 30s effects, \$1.25 goods for 95c; \$1.85 for \$1.10; \$1.75 for \$1.35.
Tweeds for Pantings and suitings, less than mill price, 50c. Children's Suits and Cambric Flouncings, new opening, 35c. English Prints, 5s; regular 10s. goods for 7s.
Seaside Suitings, a novelty in dress stuffs, 20s.
Cordun Flannels, new stock, 20c.
Cordun Flannels, 5s; regular 12s. goods for 8s.
Oxford Shirts, Tan, Child's etc., Misses' 75c, ladies' 90c.
Men's White Fox Boots, \$1.35.
Ladies' Cotton Hose, seamless, 2 pairs 15c.
New Mantles cut desperately low; pretty caps, \$1.75, stylish, cost \$3.
Boys' Spring Clothes, 2 piece suit, \$1.40; 3 piece, \$2.75.
French Wove Corsets, 50c., were 85c.
English Linoleums, 30s. (square yard).
Olefinth, 30s.
Best Five-framed Brussels, \$1.
The millinery rooms should have a visit from every lady. Novelties arriving constantly. All at Building Sale prices.

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S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Entrance Yonge Street.
Store No. 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.

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112 YONGE STREET,
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On and after MONDAY, MARCH 20, I will be prepared to show a Choice and Well Selected Stock of MILLINERY, to which all ladies are cordially invited.

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Is now prepared to offer her friends and patrons artistic, fashionable Parisian Dinner and Evening Dresses at her Fashionable Dressmaking Parlour and Latest Styles at
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Machines Rented. Operators Supplied
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The busy housewife has always enough to do, and well-nigh any article that saves time and saves money, and does the work better than soap—that is why so many people use it. Yet there are some, no doubt, who have never tried it. Any grocer will send you sample package if you will be honest enough to give it an unprejudiced test.

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has just returned from New York after procuring the newest and most fashionable novelties in

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Dressmaking Department in connection.

ARTISTIC : DRESSMAKING

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Ladies' Evening Gowns and Empire Effects a Specialty

High class costume after French and American measurements.

Mrs. THORNHILL

EARLY SPRING BONNETS

The Newest Turbans and Walking Hats, Evening Bonnets, Veils, Laces and Nets.

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127 Yonge Street.

Ladies desiring their hair trimmed, styled, shampooed, dressed, will receive perfect satisfaction and Latest Styles at PEMBER'S, 127 Yonge Street.

Bleaching and Dyeing a specialty.
A full line of (HAIR COLORE) Bangs, Waves, Wigs and Switches, made only from finest quality hair.

A large assortment of Hair Ornaments in Latest Designs.

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Telephone 3275 127 Yonge St.

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Indian and Ceylon
The most delicious Tea on the market.
STEEL, HAYTER & CO.

Why Buy a Boot or Shoe that Does Not Fit

Why punish yourself in attempting to form your foot to a boot or shoe?
We make our Boots and Shoes from 5 to 8 different widths.

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Telephone 1000. **HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.**

Standard Dress Bone

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STANDARD

DRESS BONES

The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior saten. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.

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Ladies' Fashionable Postiches

In Fringes, Bangs, Puffs, Oils, Chignons, fine Long Hair, Switches and Branches. Ladies' and Gent's Wigs and Toupees made to order on shortest notice.

LADIES' FASHIONABLE HAIR DRESSING
for Weddings, Balls, Concerts, Moirees, etc. Ladies' Hair Trimmed, Styled and shampooing. SCALP AND HAIR SPECIAL TREATMENT after fevers, illnesses, etc.

Armand's Instantaneous Hair Coloring is the best preparation for restoring gray or bleached hair to their original color, \$3 00.

ARMAND'S PROGRESSIVE HAIR REGENERATOR is also a great improvement on the old fashioned compositions of Hair Restorer. It is not a dye, and positively does not contain any injurious drugs or sulphur. Regenerates any gray hair. It never falls. Price \$1.

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Face Bleaching, and Face Massage, External Skin Treatment and Manicure.

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN REQUIRING
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IRISH FLAX THREAD
FRESHLY FOR ALL PURPOSES

Social and Personal.

Mrs. R. J. Smith of Brantford is visiting Miss Ecclestone, John street.

Miss L. Hall left for Chicago on Tuesday to spend the summer with her many relatives there.

Miss Minnie Hoskins' dance, which took place on Friday evening of last week, was a great success. Among those present I noticed: Misses Amy Douglas, Bessie Thomson, Minnie Morrison, MacDougal, Chapman, Boulton, Burnside, Kemp, Laidlaw, MacDonald and Fuller, and Messrs. Boulton, Kelso, Lount, Coulthard, Arnold, Douglas, Burnside, Campbell, Garpen, Smith, Park, Moss, Hargrave and others.

Mrs. FitzGibbon has been spending some weeks in Barrie with her sister, Mrs. Pepler, who has been laid up with an attack of diphtheria.

The Ontario Society of Artists expect a very smart crowd of guests at their opening night on Monday next. The Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick and party will be among the guests of the society.

Mrs. Vaughan N. Roberts will receive at 98 St. Patrick street on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 25 and 26.

The marriage of Mr. Percy J. Horrocks to Miss Carrie N. Shaw will take place at Old St. Andrew's church, Jarvis street, on Thursday evening, April 27.

The Hon. G. C. McKindsey and Miss McKindsey of Milton are at the Arlington. They intend to remain for some little time.

Miss Gertrude Poussette-Walker was in Toronto last week, visiting at Brockton. She has now returned to Montreal.

Mrs. Charles Robertson of 35 Sussex avenue is visiting her brother, Mr. H. B. Manley, in Ottawa and Montreal this week.

Mrs. Graham H. Macpherson and her little daughter, Miss Edith, are visiting friends in Chatham and Detroit.

Mrs. L. Woodcock of Cobourg is in town this week attending the convention of the Woman's Auxiliary, in connection with the English Church, now convening here. She is the guest of Mrs. Charles Robertson of 35 Sussex avenue.

Mrs. F. Clancy of Beaconsfield avenue gave a progressive euchre party to her friends on Tuesday evening. Among the guests were: Dr. and Mrs. Wallace, Miss Eichorn, Mr. and Mrs. T. Haffey, Mrs. Dr. Nealon, Mrs. Hyland, Miss T. Melady, Mr. and Mrs. E. Clancy, Mrs. McNeill, Mr. and Mrs. F. Irwin, Mr. W. Rosar, Mr. E. McCormack, and Mr. W. Murphy. Miss Eichorn captured the lady's and Mr. T. Haffey the gentlemen's prize.

Mrs. Sidney Ashdown sailed on Saturday from New York via the Cunarder Umbria, for a three months' visit to the home of her parents, Connaught House, Harliden, London. During her absence her sister, Miss A. W. Scott, will make a charming hostess at the cosy home on Ulster street.

Mrs. Charles Powell of Wellington place held a large At Home last Saturday afternoon, which proved in every way a decided success. Mrs. Powell was assisted in receiving by her daughter, Miss Ida, and the Misses Kate McCall, Ida Boon, Ethel Dickey, and Wills Anderson.

Mr. D. M. Gillicuddy of the *Huron Signal*, Goderich, was in the city on Sunday.

Dr. Ahrens, ex-M.P. for North Perth, was in the city this week.

A most delightful dance was given by the Misses Allen, of 36 Murray street, on Tuesday night, in honor of their charming young guest Miss Burkholder of Hamilton. Those present were: Misses Boon, Powell, Bailey, Temple, Trass, Smith, Arnold and McCarthy; Mesdames Lennox, Stevenson, Spencer; Doctors Watson and Lennox, and Messrs. Robinson, Macfarlane, Stevenson, Trass, Cayley and Sharron.

Mrs. Campbell, solo soprano at the coming Philharmonic concert, during her stay in the city will be the guest of Mrs. T. C. Siegmund of Carlton street.

The marriage of Lieut. Arthur G. Peuchen to Miss Marge Thomson, daughter of Mrs. John Thomson, Jarvis street, will take place at her mother's residence on Wednesday, April 26. Owing to illness in the family the wedding will be very quiet, only the relatives being present.

Miss Thomson of Canobie, Toronto Junction, has returned home from St. Thomas after a lengthy and agreeable visit. She was warmly welcomed by her own happy circle of friends as well as by her father's parishioners.

Mrs. Gerald Donaldson will sing Angels Ever Bright and Fair, on Sunday evening next, at the anniversary service of Chalmers' Presbyterian church, corner of Dundas street and Dovercourt road.

Ex-Alderman James Lobb has been appointed superintendent of the Manufacturers' department of the Canadian section of the World's Fair.

The young people who took possession of the residence of Commissioner Jones, on Dufferin street, in fancy masquerade costume on Tuesday week enjoyed themselves in the fullest sense of the word. The genial host and his amiable wife, after extending a hearty welcome to all, entered thoroughly into the evening's amusement. The scene was truly a pretty one as merry feet kept time to enticing strains of music. The costumes ranging from Isabella Queen of Spain to Betsy Bobbett, and from Captain Corcoran to the tramp, were well chosen and showed excellent taste on the part of the masqueraders. About 330 the young people dispersed to their several homes, feeling that a most enjoyable evening had been spent. The following is a list of the characters personated: Mrs. Lorsch, night; Miss Callender,

shepherdess; Miss Campbell, butterfly; Miss Hunter, pansy blossom; Miss Ross, flower girl; Miss Walsh, Mexican gypsy; Miss Carina Brown, Grecian; Miss Corbett, Juliet; Miss Jones, Isabella Queen of Spain; Miss Lina Jones, Egyptian Queen; Mrs. E. Davies, flower girl; Miss McCauley, Greek lady; Mrs. Hunter, spring; Miss Finney, French peasant; Miss Ardagh, lady of the fourth century; Miss Locke, Bohemian girl; Miss Gilmour, Blue Beard's wife; Miss McConvey, Japanese; Miss Stuart, sister of charity; Miss Bell, Japanese queen; Miss Burt, Irish peasant; Miss Hartley, tambourine girl; Mrs. Gillies, evening dress; and Miss Gough, Marguerite. The gentlemen were: Mr. D. G. Lorsch, French officer; Mr. J. A. McGuan, Russian courtier; Mr. D. Donovan, bicyclist; Mr. W. Wallace, tramp; Mr. F. Burt, ridiculous duke; Mr. T. Allan, 48 h Highlander; Mr. E. Davies, captain of the navy; Mr. W. J. Dubois, classical Irishman; Mr. W. Bowman, clown; Mr. J. E. Dean, French officer; Mr. C. H. Rose, Spanish peasant; Mr. F. Peters, French count; Mr. T. Hewson, lawn tennis; Mr. H. W. Briggs, genteel Irishman; Mr. W. Dallimore, Turkish officer; Mr. A. Peake, evening dress; Mr. A. MacFarlane, fireman; Mr. J. F. Parker, Captain Corcoran; Mr. W. R. Hunter, Spanish peasant; Mr. J. C. Pearson, Spanish king; Mr. E. G. Hackborn, Russian count; Mr. J. Saunders, tramp; Mr. Wyatt, Sir Joseph Porter; Mr. H. Burt, colored gentleman; Mr. D. Simpson, Spanish bull fighter; Mr. J. E. Firth, German landlord; Mr. G. F. Bishobrick, Romeo; Mr. G. W. Cheym, Q. O. R.; Mr. J. Peacock, bicyclist; Mr. Gillis, evening dress; Mr. J. E. Gough, duke; Mr. J. Aikens, body guard; Mr. J. Leitch, tramp. Special mention might be made of the able manner in which Commissioner Jones impersonated Capt. Brant and also of Mr. D. Hunter, Betsy Bobbett.

A very pretty wedding took place in St. Simon's church on April 3, the contracting parties being Charles John Stewart Reed, youngest son of the late Major John Reed of the Scots Greys, and Hannah Woodfield Edgington, eldest daughter of the late Joseph Woodfield Edgington. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. T. Street-Macklem, rector of the church. The bride was handsomely attired in ivory satin and brocade with garniture of pearls and lace, with orange blossoms and jessamine on corsage and train. She wore a Brussels net veil with a wreath of the same flowers and natural orchids, and carried a magnificent bouquet of white roses and maiden-hair fern, and wore a diamond pendant, the gift of the groom. She was led to the altar by Mr. W. U. Stacey, who afterwards gave her away. The bridesmaids were Miss Emily Edgington, sister of the bride, and Miss Stacey, who were prettily dressed in pink nun's veiling with hats trimmed with feathers to match. They carried bouquets of white carnations and lilies of the valley and wore pansy brooches with diamond center, the gift of the groom. Mr. W. Irwin and Mr. Guy Edgington completed the wedding group. After the ceremony the guests, to the number of one hundred and fifty, adjourned to the residence of the bride's mother, where the wedding breakfast was served.

On Wednesday evening, April 5, Mrs. Dinkin of 10 Clarence square gave a party in honor of her daughter, Mrs. James Vance of Ingersoll. Among those present were: The Misses Van Tassel of Clinton, Mr. Jas. Vance, Miss A. Cummings, Miss C. Devaney, Miss Ada McDonald, Miss Agnes McDonald, Miss Lena McGuire, the Misses Smyth, and Mr. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Durkin, Mr. Long, Mr. B. Nichol, Mr. J. Giffon, Mr. C. McKeown, Mr. S. Lee, Messrs. J. and C. McCabe, Messrs. R. and Geo. Thompson, Miss Allie Wallace, Miss McGuain, and Mr. Aymong.

The Iago Club held their first At Home on Tuesday evening, April 4, in Dawes' Hall, Dovercourt. It was a decided success in every way. A programme of vocal and instrumental music was first proceeded with, the president, J. W. Atherton, occupying the chair. Refreshments were also provided, the tables being set with great taste and decorated with choice flowers. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Copleston, Mr. and Mrs. T. Seaton, Mr. and Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Fowler and Mrs. Schofield; Misses E. T. and E. A. Copleston, N. and O. Field, B. Winton, E. Fowler, Bell Smith, Robinson, Easton, Joyce, McGinnis, Whalley, Hobbs, Roundtree, Clarke, Church, Scott, Frost, Mrs. and M. S. Harford and Mr. and Mrs. Mann; Messrs. J. W. Atherton, A. Champion, H. W. Copleston, F. J. and J. H. Perrin, C. H. Fielding, F. and W. McKelhen, E. and W. Carrie, O. and G. Bullock, Creed, Valey, T. Robinson, R. Winton, F. Frost, A. B. Little, C. Backley, E. Brownjohn, Skinner, Pickering and many others. The At Home was most enjoyable and many were the wishes for its repetition.

Mrs. J. T. M. Burnside gave a most enjoyable dance at Oaklaw, Deer Park, on Tuesday, April 4. A feature of the evening was that each guest by request had brought a lemon labeled with his or her name. The lemons were opened and the seeds counted, and to the ones containing the most seeds prizes were awarded. Mrs. D. E. Cameron was fortunate in receiving the first prize, a lovely basket of flowers. The other prize winners were: Mr. Whitely, Miss Edwards, Miss Jones, and Mr. Gordon Crean. Among those present were: Mesdames Garratt, F. Yeigh, R. G. Wilkie, D. E. Cameron, and Misses Kendig, Mulholland, Marks, Barney, Edwards, F. Jackson, Jones, Campbell, Gibson, Hoskin, M. Hoskin, P. Smith, U. Headley, M. Headley, Falls, S. Heaven, A. Heaven, Heaven, B. Weatherstone, S. Roger, E. Weatherstone, F. Crean, K. Allan, Jackson, E. Jackson, White, and Swan; Messrs. Minty, O. Falls, B. Mulholland, D. Mulholland, Simmers, Whitely, Dr. Garratt, Pattullo, Ramsay, Roger, B. Crean, G. Crean, Strath, Armstrong, Willis, Snyder, Morton, Badgley, Brooke, H. Harvey, F. Yeigh, D. Smith, Edwards, Wilson, Spence, C. Robinson, B. Robinson, Dinnison, J. Gibson, McMillan, J. Jackson, Dickson, Gale, Swan, and Coulson.

I am very glad to note that arrangements are being made for the appearance of Miss Jessie Alexander at the Pavilion on Friday

April 28. Our winsome lassie has been too long laid away by her serious illness and tardy convalescence, and her many Toronto admirers will be happy to welcome her again.

Mr. Harry Symons has left for an extended tour in the North-West and Rockies.

A pretty wedding was solemnized at St. Barnabas church, Chester, last Wednesday afternoon. The contracting parties were Miss Margaret Playter and Mr. Robert Hamilton of Wroxeter. The officiating clergyman was Rev. Charles Rutten, assisted by Rev. R. Ashcroft. Mr. B. Gibson, nephew of the groom, and Mr. Albert Playter were groomsmen. The bridesmaids, Miss E. Playter, sister of the bride, and Miss Bertha Knowles, her cousin, wore Gainsboro costumes, which were very much admired. The bride's gown was of rich white silk, trimmed with pearls and lace. She wore the conventional veil and wreath and carried a bouquet, in which were orange blossoms sent from California by a friend. After the ceremony a reception was held at The Pines, the residence of the bride's mother. The church was very tastefully decorated by the bride's friends, and the many presents proved her popularity. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton left on the 4:55 train, followed by the good wishes of all present.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. and Miss Edwards have arranged for rooms at Hotel Louise, Lorne Park.

Miss Marguerite Thomas of Woodstock is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Joseph Saulter of Isabella street.

Mr. Mulock, M.P., and Mrs. Mulock gave a large dinner party at their residence, Jarvis street, on Wednesday evening last. The following guests were present: Archbishop Walsh, Justice McLellan, Chancellor Burwash, Rev. Dr. Dewar, Mr. James Sutherland, M.P., Mr. W. Gibson, M.P., Sheriff Widdifield, Mr. J. D. Edgar, M.P., Mr. McMullen, M.P., Hon. G. W. Ross, Rev. Mr. Walsh, Mr. C. Moss, Q.C., Mr. E. J. Davis, M.P., Mr. Joseph Tait, M.P., Mr. George A. Cox, Mr. King, Q.C., Mr. Wood, ex-M.P., of Hamilton, and Mr. Christie.

Mr. and Mrs. D'Eyncourt Strickland have returned from their wedding trip and have taken up house at No. 455 Euclid avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Harvey Parkes will receive their friends on Mondays.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Harvey and family will spend the summer at Hotel Louise, Lorne Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, Jr., are guests at the Walker House.

Mrs. D'Eyncourt Strickland will be At Home to her friends at 455 Euclid avenue next Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, April 26, 27 and 28.

The afternoon tea given at the studio of Miss Tully by her pupils on last Saturday afternoon was a very smart and interesting affair. The studio was thronged during the whole afternoon, and a dainty lot of artists received and waited on the numerous guests. Admiring comments were heard on the works of Miss Hagarty, Miss Heaven, Miss Sullivan and several other fair students whose artistic efforts adorned the walls of the studio. A rather unique and startling figure was that of a skeleton decked with a buttonhole bouquet of scarlet flowers and holding a cigarette in his ugly jaws! It gave me a cold shiver to see a blithe and bonnie maiden gently shake his bony fingers and greet him as a "sweet old fellow." Lots of fashionable folk and several well known artists were *en attendant*, among whom I remarked: Mr. and Mrs. L. R. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. George Reid, Mr. Dickson Fatterson, Mr. Ernest Thompson, Mr. Sherwood, Mr. Bertie Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Mrs. P. H. and Miss Drayton, Mrs. and the Misses Heaven, the Misses Sullivan, the Misses Mackenzie and many others.

Miss Mabel Ince extended her exhibition of china painting for another afternoon as the first day was so unfavorable. A number of stylish people were present on Thursday afternoon, who were loud in their praise of the beautiful work done by the clever artist. Miss Ince is forming classes for instruction, and should be overrun with applications, for her taste and delicacy of execution are proof of her exceptional talent. Her studio is No. 78 Confederation Life Buildings.

On Saturday there was a pretty sale of work held at Mrs. F. Paterson's, 84 Brunswick avenue, on behalf of the new church at Norway. Miss Florence Paterson took charge of the flowers. The work table, in the skillful hands of the Misses Mills, presented many tempting souvenirs, while the candy table, under the supervision of Miss Tilly and Miss Emily Paterson, proved dangerously attractive. The bazaar ended with an auction sale—as amusing as it was profitable—and the charming saleswomen had the pleasure of forwarding fifty dollars as the result of their willing labor.

Mrs. J. Fred Walker of Montreal was in Toronto during last week. Mrs. Walker's numerous friends in the city will be glad to learn that her health is better than it has been for some months past.

Mrs. Dixon, wife of the venerable Archdeacon, of Guelph, has been visiting in the city.

Miss Jennie Barrie gave a charming party at the residence of her grandfather, Mr. Coates, 191 Sherbourne street, on Friday evening, April 7. Miss Barrie was a charming young hostess and wore a pretty frock of white china silk. Among those present were: Misses A. Winters, J. Williams, E. Boxall, P. Mills, V. Tomlinson, J. Mortimer, E. Kitson, L. Steward, B. Taylor, B. Dowe, E. Wiman, A. Weir, P. Blatchley, H. Beggs, A. Strong, V. McArie, E. Sandham, C. Purdie, H. Hamilton, W. Bartlett, C. Somers, C. Winters, H. Stone, H. Willens, P. Blatchley, G. Weir, M. Darrach.

A *soiree musicale*, given by the pupils of Mrs. Howson at her residence, 16 Brunswick avenue, on Tuesday evening, was well attended

by the parents and friends of the pupils, the latter showing marked improvement in their studies and affording much pleasure to the listening and attentive audience. Those taking part in the programme were: Piano, Misses Windrum, Lamont, Peer, Louisa Ayer, Fanny Ivens and Williams; vocal, Misses Hadcock, Lamont, Mason and Howson, and Messrs. Godfrey and Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. Octavius Newcombe, since returning from New York and Washington, have taken up their residence at 37 Huntley street, where they will be At Home to their friends on Fridays.

Mr. P. McArthur of New York is visiting in Toronto, and was entertained at dinner on Thursday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Yeigh.

Miss Maud Barwick, Close avenue, Parkdale, has returned to Toronto after a pleasant visit to the Lower province.

The marriage of Dr. T. H. Berchard of New York, and Mrs. Olive Wilmot Winans, took place at St. Andrew's church on Saturday last at ten o'clock a.m. The Rev. D. J. Macdonnell was the officiating clergyman. Mrs. Winans wore a gown of cadet blue cloth trimmed with flounces, edged with jet passementerie, and a very dainty *chapeau* to match. The wedding party contained only the relatives and connections of the bride, and the ceremony was entirely private. The guests adjourned to the Princess suite at the Queen's Hotel, where an informal reception was held, and amid a perfect bower of roses, odoriferous and lovely, which had been brought by Dr. Berchard from New York, the warm good wishes of her guests were tendered to the beautiful bride. The breakfast was served in the private dining room in an elegant manner. The gifts of the bridegroom to his bride were a necklace of pearls and star and bracelet of diamonds. Dr. Berchard had been formerly married, and his two sons sent magnificent jewels of diamonds and emeralds and diamonds and rubies as their wedding gifts. A unique wedding ring of diamonds, forming the circlet, was chosen by Dr. Berchard instead of the usual plain gold ring. Dr. and Mrs. Berchard left the same day for their tour.

Mrs. W. Dineen of 230 Sherbourne street gave a very delightful and informal afternoon tea on Friday of last week at which a very pleasant gathering of about sixty ladies was present. Tea, or rather a dainty collection of good things, was served as soon as the guests arrived, on small tables prettily set out in tempting array. Mrs. Dineen wore a handsome gown of black silk. She was assisted in looking after the comfort of her guests by Miss K. Mills, who was daintily dressed in gray, Miss E. Mills, who looked charming in pink, Miss Bowden, in a pretty heliotrope dress, and Miss Eva Sheppard in pure white; Miss Nellie Glotte of Chicago was beautifully gowned in black with rainbow frills of narrow ribbons. Mrs. Steiner and Mrs. Saager assisted in receiving. Among the many charming women present were: Mrs. James and Miss Lumbers; Mrs. Hiram Piper, in a very stylish green and brown shot silk; Mrs. R. B. Ker, in navy blue with gold-colored vest and golden-brown velvet *revers*; Mrs. Barclay, Mrs. Wilkie, Mrs. and Miss Langmuir, Mrs. J. F. Pringle, Mrs. S. Finch, looking well in a clear scarlet gown; Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Taggart, Mrs. Dyas, Mrs. Bacon, Mrs. Riggs, Mrs. Gough, in a sweetly pretty mauve gown, with *emine* purple sleeves; Mrs. O. B. Sheppard in gray corded silk; Mrs. Goldman, in an elegant gown of gray brocade; Miss Abell and a number of others. Altogether Mrs. Dineen's tea was pronounced a charming event.

Mr. Ernest Thompson goes to Chicago on business to-day. I was pleased to hear that the much-discussed picture, *Awatled in Vain*, has been accepted by the commissioners in Montreal and is to form part of the Canadian exhibit.

Mrs. Wm. Simpson of Isabella street has returned after a four months' visit to Scotland.

The French Club met last Saturday at the residence of Mr. Catto, 188 Bloor street east, and had a very delightful reunion. Miss Chopitea's piano playing was a pleasant feature of the evening. Mr. Frank Benjamin was received as a new member and will prove an acquisition to the circle. Mr. Charlie Catto took a flash light photo of the club. The meeting this evening will be held at the residence of Mr. Bourlier, 102 Wellesley street, and every member should be present as the club will then make final arrangements for their farewell reunion and *soiree dansante* which will take place early in May.

Mr. Hiram Piper leaves for Chicago to-day.

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Out of Town.

St. Catharines.

Victoria Chambers was a perfect bower of loveliness on Friday evening, April 7th. The occasion was the Easter assembly given by the Bachelors and Benedicts of St. Catharines. The dancing hall parlors as well as the large supper-rooms below were beautifully decorated with flowers and wreathings of smilax. The exquisite music, furnished by Cafarella of Buffalo, kept the young people dancing until after four o'clock. The patronesses for this occasion included Mesdames T. L. Helliwell, E. J. Senkler, P. Larkin, (Dr.) Mack, P. J. Merritt, J. C. Ryker, W. H. McElvye, Wm. Chaplin, J. Clench, and F. E. Coy. The committee, who are to be so highly congratulated, were: Messrs. J. T. Groves, P. J. Price, W. P. Helliwell, W. A. Carlisle, H. E. McSloy, W. G. Ramage, J. D. Chaplin, J. C. Norris, J. G. Moore, E. N. Bate, and E. H. Neelon. The duties of secretary were performed by Mr. J. Fred McCoy. Those present from St. Catharines were: Mr. and Mrs. A. Greenwood, Mrs. Mack, Mrs. P. Larkin, Mr. and Mrs. Clench, Mrs. T. L. Helliwell, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. M. Neelon, Mr. and Mrs. McLellan, Mr. and Mrs. C. Binson, Mrs. H. M. Helliwell, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. H. O'Loughlin, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Groves, Dr. and Mrs. Beam, Mrs. Maguire, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Norris, Sheriff and Mrs. Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Woodruff, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Chaplin, and Misses Mack, Eccles, King, Nay, McLaren, Clark, McCallum, Porter, Taylor, Larkin, Girouard, Dimmock, E. Bate, A. Benson, Fenton, Chaplin, Neelon, Cough, F. Macgregor, A. Atkinson, Grey, Monro, Coy, Hutchinson, McCormick, Seymour, Woodruff, Dawson, May, Murray, J. Fenton, Messrs. Stewart, Dr. King, A. W. Moore, Nay, Chatterton, Rykert, Reynolds, McClean, White, Smythe, Read, Campbell, Merritt, Coy, Dawson, Watson, Boyle, and King. Strangers present from Toronto were: Mr. and Mrs. Oxley, G. B. Shaw, Miss M. Ross, J. N. Bastedo, Miss Bryson, Miss Souter, Mr. and Mrs. P. McCallum, and Mrs. Walker. From Toronto: Mrs. H. Jemmett and Miss Baird. From Danville: Mr. and Miss Boyle, Mr. J. B. Clark, Mr. F. E. Elliot; Mr. J. Acres of Paris, Miss Fenton of Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. Hutchison, Geo. Benson of Fort Dalhousie, Miss E. Woodruff of St. Davids, Mr. Symmes of Niagara Falls, Messrs. P. Ball and L. Nelles of Niagara, Misses Manus, Austin, and Taylor, and Mr. W. R. Boulton of Buffalo. Some of the handsomest costumes were: Mrs. J. Clench, cream silk; Mrs. F. Coy, black and pink silk; Mrs. Mack, black and scarlet; Mrs. T. L. Helliwell, black lace and yellow roses; Mrs. H. M. Helliwell, scarlet India silk; Mrs. W. Benson, white silk with coral pink velvet sleeves; Mrs. M. Neelon, pink and green silk; Mrs. Walker, white silk Empire gown; Miss M. Ross, white silk and lace; Mrs. P. Larkin, pale gray silk, yellow sleeves; Miss Coy, white silk; Miss Addie Shaw, mauve silk trimmed with violets; Mrs. B. Clark, white Empire gown trimmed with gold; Miss E. Bate, pale green silk with emerald green velvet sleeves; Miss Shortt of London, white silk trimmed with pearls and crystal; Mrs. Hamilton of Chicago, cream satin; Mrs. Groves, Nile green silk Empire, velvet sleeves; Miss Fenton, crimson gauze; Miss Benson, white silk mull; Miss Nay, white crepe; Miss A. Larkin, white and gold; Miss Mack, pink and black; Miss King, pale blue and brown; Miss Larkin, green silk with velvet sleeves; Miss Souter, white and pink; Miss Carrie Mack, white silk gauze; Miss May, white silk, yellow trimmings; Miss Maguire, white lace, pale blue satin sleeves; Miss M. Larkin, pink crepe, green velvet sleeves; Miss Bryson, black velvet, trimmed with mauve; Miss Murray, pale green chiffon; Miss Macgregor, pale gray silk; Miss McLaren, Nile green silk; Miss Dawson, Empire gown of white silk crepe; Miss Boyle, white silk, with natural flowers; Miss Taylor, pale gray silk, with green trimmings; Miss Austin, flowered silk mullin; Miss Potter, a sweet debutante, white silk crepe.

Mrs. James Taylor gave a very pleasant At Home on Wednesday afternoon of last week, the hours being from four to seven.

The entertainment in St. Nicholas on Thursday evening, April 13, under the auspices of the Fortnightly Club, was a grand success in every way, and the energetic members of that little social club are to be congratulated upon the result of their earnest labors for the past month. The result far exceeded their anticipations and they will doubtless have a very fair surplus in hand to devote toward repairing the lawn tennis grounds, that being the object for which the entertainment was given. It is seldom that such a crowd turns out to a local entertainment as was packed into St. Nicholas Hall, and seldom that such a capital and varied programme is presented by any company. Promptly at eight o'clock the curtain rang up and disclosed Miss Nay and the Misses Mack attired in rich costumes of the Mikado style. Their trio, Three Little Maids, was sung and danced with all the necessary "go" to make it a success and bring forth an encore to which they responded with another Mikado selection. Mr. Allan Campbell, attired in full costume, then gave a Scotch dance in such style that he was also recalled. Miss Mack's voice seems to improve at every appearance she makes, and Thursday night's effort was a fine rendition of Matiel's Dear Heart, which was received with well deserved applause. High Art, which was the subject of Miss Marjorie Larkin's elocutionary piece, was excellent. The audience were kept in a continual roar of laughter. As an encore she gave The Missionary Man, which was also received with thunders of applause. Mr. C. Flood of Bishop Ridley College followed with a harmonica solo. One of the most pleasing features of the evening was the tambourine drill. In this twelve young ladies took part, viz.: Miss Bate, Miss McLaren, Miss M. Coy, Miss A. Binson, Miss C. Mack, Miss M. Dawson, Miss Souter, Miss Mack, Miss M. Larkin, Miss Nay, Miss King, and Miss T. Dawson. All were attired in short crimson skirts trimmed with black, white blouses, crimson sash jackets, and few caps with crimson tassels, giving them all a very picturesque appearance. Several very difficult figures in

fancy drill were gone through, after which the following figures were taken in perfect time to the music: Salutation, Petition, Protection, Joy, Anger, Reconciliation, Clash, Triumph, Strike, Charge, Daunce, Weariness, Rest, and many others. The drill closed with a very pretty tableau, each young lady taking one of the above positions. The second part of the programme opened with some very beautiful statuary. The following figures were represented: The Bride's Toilet (a group of four), Nydia, Beatrice (Dante), Hope, and The Nymph's Reply. This was followed by a beautiful solo by our popular tenor, Mr. Abbs. The children's tableau, The Fairy Tale, was sweet, and was encored more than once. The comedy, In Cupid's Camp, was most ridiculous. The audience were kept in roars of laughter throughout. The characters were well taken by the following: Miss Mack as Irene Grapeshot, Miss M. Larkin as Mrs. Euphemia Rattletrap, Miss C. Mack as Eva Fallbach, Mr. J. T. Groves as General Grapeshot, Mr. Fred Coy as Rupert Vade, and Mr. Theo. S. Chatterton as Augustus Fallbach. Our amateur stars did not by any means lose their reputation in the production of this piece. After Mr. Campbell's beautiful solo, Saved from the Storm, the lights in the hall were lowered and the curtains rose on a lovely tableau—the ladies in sweet evening toilets of the palest shades—all with lighted candles, in which they sang the beautiful Good Night chorus from Erminie, unaccompanied. The entertainment was over at the reasonable hour of half-past ten, the spectators returning home well pleased with one of the best amateur entertainments ever given in the city.

Miss Atkinson gave an At Home on Friday afternoon, April 14, in honor of her guest Miss Shortt of London.

CHAT.

Belleville.

On Friday evening of last week the Grand Trunk Railway employees treated the citizens to one of the finest concerts which have ever been given in this city. If all our concert programmes contained such talented names as were on Friday's programme, I am sure our popular manager, Mr. Power, would not have cause to complain of a poor attendance. Miss Florence Mabel Glover of Toronto won the audience by her sweet and gracious manner, and in the rendering of two solos showed that she possessed a very fine sweet voice which will increase in beauty and strength as she grows older. Miss Glover is but nineteen years of age and her singing for so young a girl is simply remarkable. Lovers of real music in Belleville hope to have the pleasure of hearing Miss Glover again before long. Miss Sara Lord Bailey delighted the audience with several readings and recitations which were heartily applauded. Our baritone, Mr. Nevil Doyle, was at his best on Friday night and Belleville should be proud of possessing such a true musician. Among those present were: Mrs. and the Misses Corby, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. and Miss Clute, Mrs. Lister and the Misses Taylor.

Mrs. Edgar Foster of Herchimer avenue gave a very pretty piano party on Wednesday evening.

The C. M. B. A. gave an At Home on Thursday evening.

Mr. John Lafferty, who was horribly cut by an axe, is not expected to recover. The doctors held a consultation and decided that amputation of the limb was the only means of saving the patient's life, but to this Mr. Lafferty would not consent. His brother, Mr. T. D. Lafferty of Chicago, was wired for and arrived in the city on Thursday.

The many friends of Miss May Milne of Stirling will regret to learn that she is suffering from a severe attack of neuralgia.

On Sunday last Mr. Farrelly preached an eloquent and brilliant sermon on "Marriage and the rules of the Catholic Church in regard to it." His large congregation, who have been anxiously waiting for this lecture for several weeks, were delighted with it.

Mr. Stevenson of the Bank of Montreal has been moved to Lindsay.

BETSY.

Galt.

A most delightful dance was given in the Athletic rooms last Monday, by Mrs. A. D. Strong and Mrs. Taylor. Music was from Toronto and the supper supplied by Lunn. Mrs. Taylor received in white silk and Mrs. Strong in gray. It would be impossible to describe the dresses, but all looked well and seemed particularly bright and happy. Mrs. McCulloch wore black silk with green velvet trimmings; Mrs. D. Guerre, black silk; Miss Walker looked well in black velvet with heliotrope flowers; Miss Spiera, salmon pink; Miss Winnie Spiera, pale blue; Miss C. Peck, black net; Miss Bessie Peck, pale green gauze; Miss Bailey, white with dark heliotrope trimmings; Miss N. Perry, cream cashmere. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Strong, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. R. Jaffray, Dr. and Mrs. Sylvester, Dr. and Mrs. Wardlaw, Mr. and Mrs. D. Guerre, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch, Mr. and Mrs. Lutz, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Howell; Mrs. Metcalfe, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Beaumont; Misses Vance, Allenby, N. Perry, Lennard, Walker, Bailey, Spiera, W. Spiera, Peck, B. Peck, Porteous, Blain; Dr. Radford, Dr. Hawke; Messrs. Peck, Thorn, C. R. H. Warnock, J. E. Warnock, Willet, Gibbs, James Warnock, Wurtell, G. Woods, Daff, Rothwell, Card, Kirkpatrick, Bond, Gibbard, Wood of Berlin, Oliver of Berlin, Wissler, Goodall, A. Goodall, M. Shurly, Fred Shurly, Strong, and Hughes.

Since Easter we have had quite a number of afternoon teas. Last week, on Tuesday, Miss Spiera gave in the library by Miss Winnie Spiera and Miss Grace Elmslie. There were present: Misses Cranston, Allen, Allenby, Walker, Trotter, Elmslie, Goldie, Porteous, K. Porteous, Lumsden, Bailey, Vardon, Peck, B. Peck, N. Perry, Vance, and Messrs. Thom, Kirkpatrick, Bothwell, and Card. During the afternoon several of the young ladies sang and played, which helped to make it very interesting.

On Thursday Miss Allenby entertained a number in a similar way. Assisting Miss Allenby were Miss Cranston, Miss Warrel, and Miss Sara Blain. The guests were: Mrs. J. S. Wardlaw, Miss Blain, Miss Allen, the Misses Peck, the Misses Porteous, Miss

Goldie, Miss Lumsden, Miss Trotter, Miss Spiera and Miss Walker.

On Friday evening of last week Miss Goldie gave a pleasant little party to a few young people. The week before also saw some teas, Miss Perry giving one on Thursday, and Miss Cranston one on Tuesday. Miss Jennie Carter entertained a few friends on Thursday evening of the same week.

Hon. James and Mrs. Young have returned from Florida, and Mrs. John Cavers from New Mexico, all having enjoyed their winter in the South.

REENA.

On Thursday, April 6, Mrs. Todd gave a progressive euchre and dancing party. A most enjoyable evening was spent. Among those present were the following: Misses Vardon, Baker, Millican, Elmslie, Trotter, Jackson, Spiera, Walker, Kynoch; Messrs. Card, Carter, Trotter, Spiera, Rothwell, Dickson, and Buchanan.

On Tuesday, evening, April 4, Mrs. (Dr.) Vardon was At Home to a large number of her friends. Among those present were: Misses Kynoch, Trotter, Carter, Todd, Spiera, Jackson, Buchanan, Hume, Elmslie; Messrs. Card, Blake, Hums, Aitken, Caldwell, Wilkins, Rothwell, Carter, and Buchanan.

Galt's seven Association Football Clubs are in full blast, practicing for the coming season.

The Easter holidays had the effect of bringing a number of our young friends back to town. Among the number we noticed: Miss Ball and Messrs. Moore, Jackson, Goldie, Greenhill, and Brown.

Miss Baker of Ayr is the guest of Mrs. (Dr.) Vardon.

Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers of Chatham are spending a few days in town on a visit to the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Goodall, of Roslyn park.

The annual meeting of the Canoe Club was held on Monday evening, April 10. The club is one of the largest, if not the largest, in Canada, having a fleet of fifty-five canoes. A large number of members were present at the meeting.

Miss Mercer of Guelph has had great success in organizing a calisthenic class. She has now about forty pupils and is beginning to find it hard to accommodate all.

The annual meeting of the Cricket Club was held on Tuesday, April 4. There is every prospect of putting a good team in the field this year.

The Independent Order of Foresters are busy preparing for their grand demonstration and carnival of fun, to be held here on June 14, 15 and 16. Already the citizens have subscribed \$1,900 towards it, and everything points to its being a great success.

Already a number of canoe trips have been made from here to Brantford. The river is high and the current swift, so that the trip is made in quick time. For genuine canoeing there is nothing like a dash down a river with the current good and strong, with the additional enjoyment of an occasional rapid to shoot. Galt affords as fine facilities for canoeing as any town in Western Ontario.

Messrs. Thom and Dettler of the Canadian School of Infantry, London, have been spending a few days in town. They were escorted to the train by a large number of their friends.

ZINGARO.

Berlin.

The Bachelors' Ball, which took place on Friday night of last week, was without doubt the social event of the season. It was held in the Walper House, which has lately been completed and affords an ideal place for an affair of this kind. The scene presented by the beautifully dressed ladies and handsome men was an unusually brilliant one and the music, which was furnished by a Berlin orchestra under Prof. Zeller, conductor of the 29th Batt. band, was exceptionally good. Supper was served in the spacious hall and about four or five hundred partook of the delicacies prepared. Those present were: Mrs. Joseph E. Seagram and Miss Seagram of Waterloo, Mrs. Warnock, Mrs. D. S. and Miss Bowly, Miss M. Simpson, Mrs. Geo. Rumpel, Mr. O. Rumpel, Mr. S. Millican of Galt, Chas. and Willie Kranz, Miss Kranz, Mr. E. C. Brithaupt, Miss Penfold, Mrs. H. M. and Miss Anderson of Toronto, the Misses Bingham, Mrs. W. R. Travers, Miss Bockers of St. Thomas, the Misses Knell, Mr. and Miss Hughes; Messdames Kranz, Mylins, Haller, Andrews, Jaffray, Fennell, King, Connor, Bingham, Erb, Lang, Dwyer of London, Smythe, Wells, Randall, Russell, Porine, Bender, Millar, Hoffman of Hespeler; Misses Malloy, King, Snider, T. Snider, Hepburn, Dase, Connor, Bender, Brown, Potter, A. Bingham, Lucas, M. Gibson, Hendry, Pettit, Winkler of Hamilton, Sloan of St. Thomas, Troupe, Halifax, Pearson, Russell, Scarff of Guelph, and Messrs. Randall, Ross, Moore, Wade, Beckus, H. Beard of Woodstock, Liddaw of Hamilton, Lindsay of Toronto, G. E. Potter, Neighbour of London, Pattison of Fergus, J. A. Millican of Preston, H. Knell, V. Barry, F. Haught, G. Bruce, J. Luckie, J. Hespeler of Waterloo, F. M. Kirkpatrick of Galt, K. Lynes, Hodgins, B. Hughes, Sheak of Toronto, E. M. Davitt, N. J. Donohoe, A. Beck of London, J. Jeffrey of Guelph, Erb, H. F. Pearson of Galt, G. M. Pennell, R. H. Brotherhood of Galt, G. M. Ryan, H. Sims, Thompson, Ruby of Bothwell, O. Shantz, Wells, H. Walder of Preston, and Dr. Webb.

ALPHA.

Oshawa.

The evening of Thursday, April 6, was a gala one for the town of Oshawa, it being the occasion of the annual ball given by the gentlemen of this place. The Music Hall was decorated with bunting, streamers and flags in a most artistic manner, while many electric lights beamed down upon the stylish costumes and pretty faces of those that swayed to the dream-land music furnished by an orchestra of eight pieces led by Signor Marcano of Toronto. There were many visitors present from Toronto, Whitby, Port Perry, Bowmanville and other places, who mingled with the rippling stream of youth and beauty. The lady patronesses were: Mrs. W. F. Cowan, Mrs. A. Hindes, Mrs. H. E. Morphy, Mrs. (Dr.) Rae, Mrs. F. H. McMillan, Mrs. C. W. Scott, Mrs. H. C. Whitney, and Mrs. R. Williams. The committee of management consisted of: Messrs. R. C. Baibitt, L. G. Cassels, R. S. Cassels, D. A. Hare, W. W. Coulthard, D. T. Hepburn, H. G. King, A. E. Morgan, C. W. Owens, and F. P. Rae.

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CHAPTER XV.—(CONTINUED.)
SORROW THAT'S DEEPER THAN WE DREAM,
PERCHANCE.

Mr. Maynam accompanied his patient and her husband to Plymouth, where the family adviser of Treasco had a long and serious talk with the leading medical light of the great seaport. The result of which—after the bandying about of such words as anæmia, atrophy, family history, hysteria—was briefly communicated to Colonel Disney in a sentence which struck terror to his heart, carefully as it was couched. It amounted in plain words to this: We think your wife's condition serious enough to cause alarm, although there are at present no indications of organic disease. Should her state of bodily weakness and mental depression continue, we apprehend atrophy, or perhaps chronic hysteria. Under these circumstances we strongly recommend you to give her a change of scene, and a milder winter climate even than that of the west of England. Were she living in Scotland or Yorkshire we might send her to Fowey; but as it is we should advise either a sea voyage or a residence for the rest of the winter at Pau, Biarritz or on the Riviera.

Modern medicine has a high-handed way of sending patients to the uttermost ends of the earth, and although Martin Disney thought with a regretful pang of the house and stables that he had built and beautified for himself, the garden where every shrub was dear, yet he felt grateful to the specialist for not ordering him to take his wife to the banks of the Amazon or to some remote valley in Cashmere. Pau is not far—the Riviera is the beaten track of civilized Europe, the highway road to Naples and the East. He thought of his happy honeymoon when he and his bright young wife had traveled along that garden of oranges and lemons, between the hills and sea, and how there had been no shadow on their lives except the shadow of impending separation, about which they had talked hopefully, trying to believe that a year or two would not seem very long, trying to project their thoughts into that happy future when there should be no more parting.

This—this dreary present—was that future which they had pictured as a period of unalloyed bliss. What had the future brought to that hopeful husband, going forth at the call of duty—to return in gladdened expectation when his task was done? What but a year and a half of wedded life overshadowed by disappointment, darkened by vague doubts? And now came the awful fear of a longer parting than had lain at the end of his Italian journey.

The patient herself was told nothing except that change to a warmer climate would be good for her, and that her husband had promised to take her to the South soon after Christmas.

"You will like to go, won't you, Isola?" he said tenderly, as they drove back to the station alone, leaving Mr. Baynam to follow his own devices in the town. "You will enjoy seeing the places we saw together when our marriage was still a new thing?"

"I shall like to go anywhere with you, Martin," she answered, "but it is really necessary to go away? I know you love Treasco."

"Oh, I have the Cornishman's passion for his native soil, but I am not so rooted to it as to pine in exile. I shall be happy enough in the South with my dear young wife; especially if I see the roses come back to your cheeks in that land of roses."

"But it will cost you such a lot of money to take us all away, Martin, and we could not leave Allegra or the baby. Doctors have such expensive ideas."

"Allegra and the boy! Must we take them, do you think, love?"

"We could not leave him," said Isola, horrified at the bare suggestion, "and it would be very hard to leave Allegra. She bore all the burden of my illness. She has been so good and unselfish. And she will so revel in the South. She has never traveled, she for whom nature means so much more than it can for you or me."

"Well, we will take Allegra, and the boy, whose railway ticket will cost nothing, and his nurse. There is a shot in the locker still, Isola, in spite of last year's building operations, which cost a good deal more than I expected. We will all migrate together. Consider that settled. The only question that remains is the direction in which we shall go. Shall we make for the Pyrenees or the Maritime Alps? Pau, and Biarritz—or the Riviera, Hyeres, Cannes, Nice?"

Isola was in favor of Pau, but after much consultation of books recording other people's experiences, it was finally decided that of all places in the world San Remo was the best winter home for Isola Disney.

"You can take her up to the Eogadine in June," said Mr. Baynam, who had a superficial familiarity with the Continent from hearing his patients talk about their travels, he himself never having left Cornwall, except for a plunge into the metropolitan vortex during the cattle show week. "Or you may turn the other way and go to Auvergne—unless you want to come home by that time."

"I shall do whatever may be best for her—home or otherwise," answered Disney. "You may be sure of that."

The doctor went home to his wife, with whom he always discussed everything, except purely professional matters—there were even occasions when he could not refrain from enlarging upon the interesting features of some very pretty case—and was enthusiastic in his praise of Martin Disney.

"I never saw such devotion," he said. "Any other man would think it a bore to have to strike his tent at a day's notice, and go off to winter at a strange place, among invalids and old women; but he says never a word of his

own inclinations or his own inconvenience. He positively adores that young woman. I only hope she's worth it."

"She's very fond of him, Tom," replied Mrs. Baynam decisively. "There was a time when I was rather doubtful about that. She seemed listless and indifferent. But since the baby came she has been growing fonder and fonder of her husband. I flatter myself I am a pretty good judge of countenances, and I can read hers. I've seen her face light up when her husband came into the room. I've seen her go over to him shyly, as if she were still in her honeymoon. She's a very sweet creature. I took to her from the first, and I shall be very grieved if she goes into a decline."

The doctor shook his head despondently. "There's nothing to fight with in her case," he said, "and there's very little to fall back upon. I can't make her out. She has gone off just like a girl who was simply fretting herself to death; and yet, if she's fond of her husband, what in heaven's name is there for her to fret about?"

"Nothing," answered his wife. "It's just a delicate constitution, that's all. She's like one of those grape hyacinths that never will stand upright in a vase. The stem isn't strong enough."

Allegra was all sympathy and affection. She would go with them—yes, to the end of the world. To go to San Remo would be of course delightful.

"It is a deliciously paintable place, I know," she said, "for I have seen bits of the scenery often enough in the exhibitions. I shall work prodigiously and earn a small fortune."

She told her brother in the most delicate way that she meant to pay her own expenses in this Italian tour; for of course when Isola should be strong enough they would go about a little, and see the Wonderland of Italy.

Martin protested warmly against any such arrangement.

"Then I shall not go," she exclaimed. "Do you think me one of the incapable young women of the old school—unable to earn a sixpence, and waiting to be paid for and taken care of like a child? I would have you to know, sir, that I am one of the young women of the new school, who travel third-class, ride on the tops of omnibuses, and earn their own living."

"But I shall take a house at San Remo, Allegra. Do you expect me to turn innkeeper—charge you for your bed and board?"

"Oh, you are monstrously proud! You can do as you like in your own house, I suppose, but all the traveling and hotel expenses will be my affair, remember that."

"And you don't mind leaving Treasco?"

"I am like Ruth. You are my home and my country. Where thou goest I will go."

"And Captain Hulbert—how will he like to lose you?"

"What am I to Captain Hulbert?" she asked, trying to laugh off the question, but blushing deeply as she bent over her color box, suddenly interested in the littered contents.

"A great deal, I fancy, though he may not have found plain speech for his feelings yet a while."

"If—if you are not a very foolish person, and there is any foundation for your absurd idea, Captain Hulbert will know where to find us. He can spread his wings and follow."

"The Vendetta? Yes, she is pretty familiar with the bays and bights of the Mediterranean. No doubt he will follow us, dear. But I should like him to speak out before we go."

"Then I'm afraid you will be disappointed. He likes coming here—he likes you and Isola, and perhaps he likes me, pretty well, after a fashion; but sailors are notoriously fickle, are they not? And if he is at all like his brother, Lord Lostwithiel, who seems to have a dreadful reputation, judging by the way people talk of him here—"

"He is not like his brother in character or disposition. If he were I should be very sorry for my sister to marry him."

"Have you such a very bad opinion of his brother?" asked Allegra, shocked and grieved that anyone closely allied to her sailor should bear an evil repute.

"Perhaps that would be too much to say. I know so little about him. I have scarcely seen him since he was a lad—only I have heard things which have prejudiced me," continued Disney, lapsing into moody thoughtfulness.

Was it not Mr. Crowther's insolence, and that alone, which had prejudiced him against Lostwithiel—which had made the very name hateful to him? Yes, that was the cause of his aversion. He had disproved the truth of those insolent insinuations; he had exploded the covert slander and rebuked the slanderer; but he had not forgotten.

CHAPTER XVI.

"NO SUDDEN FANCY OF AN ARDENT BOY."

It was Christmas Eve. All things were arranged for departure on the 27th, which would give time for their arrival at San Remo on New Year's Day. They were to travel by easy stages, by Amiens, Bale, and Lucerne. A good deal of luggage had been sent off in advance, and trunks and portmanteaux were packed ready for the start, so that the travelers could take their ease during the few days of Christmas church-going and festivity. Isola's spirits had improved wonderfully since the journey had been decided upon.

"It seems like beginning a new life, Martin," she told her husband. "I feel ever so much better already. I'm afraid I'm an impostor, and that you are taking a great deal of unnecessary trouble on my account."

It was such a relief to think that she would see Vansittart Crowther no more, that she could wander where she pleased without the hazard of meeting that satyr-like countenance, those pale protruding eyes, with malevolent

stare—such a relief to know that she would be in a strange place, where no one would know anything about her, or have any inclination to gossip about her. Something of her old gaiety and interest in life revived at the prospect of these new surroundings.

They were to put up at a hotel for the first few days, so as to take their time in looking for a villa. Two servants were to go with them—the Colonel's coachman and handy-man, who was an old soldier and could turn his hand to anything in house, or stable, or garden; and the baby's nurse, a somewhat masterful person of seven-and-twenty, from the Fatherland, surnamed Grunhault, but known in the family by her less formidable domestic diminutive Lottchen. Other hirelings would be obtained at San Remo, but these two were indispensable—Holford, the coachman, to bear all burdens, and Lottchen to take charge of the baby, to whom life was supposed to be impossible in any other care.

It was Christmas Eve—the mildest Christmas that had been known for a long time, even in this sheltered corner of the coast. Allegra had been busy all the morning, helping in the church decorations and co-operating with Mr. Colfox in various arrangements for the comfort of the very old and feeble, and the invalids, among the cottages scattered over the length and breadth of a large parish. She had walked a good many miles, and she had stood for an hour in the church, toiling at the decoration of the font with Christmas roses, ferns, arbutus, and berberis, while the Misses Crowther lavished the riches of the Glenavril hot-houses upon the pulpit, keeping themselves studiously aloof from Miss Leland.

Not a jot cared Allegra for their reserve. She disliked their father, and she knew that her brother detested him, without having any clear idea of the cause. She was so thoroughly loyal to Martin that she would have deemed it treason to like anyone whom he disliked; so had the daughters of Glenavril been the most lovable young women in Cornwall she would have considered it her duty to hold them at arm's length. Glenavril and its belongings were tabooed.

She was very tired when she went home at four o'clock, just on the edge of dusk here—pitch dark, no doubt, in London and other great cities, where the poor, pinched faces were flitting by in the fitful glare of the gas, intent on buying a Christmas dinner to fit the slenderest resources. Here, in this quiet valley, the reflected sun-glow still brightened sky, sea, land and river, and the lamp had not yet been lighted in the hall or drawing room at the Angler's Nest.

There was a pleasant alternation of firelight and shadow in the long double room, the flames leaping up every now and then and lighting wall and bookcase, picture and bust, the Mandarin jars and the golden storks on the black Japanese screen; but it was such a capricious light that it did not show her someone sitting in the room, in Martin Disney's deep elbow chair, a person who sat and watched her with an admiring smile, as she flung off her little felt hat and far cape, and stretched her arms above her head in sheer weariness, a graceful, picturesque figure, in her plain brown serge gown, belted round the supple waist and clasped at the throat, like Enid's, and with never an ornament except the oxydised silver clasps and the serviceable chataleine hanging at her side.

The tea table was set ready in front of the fire, a large Egyptian brass tray on bamboo legs. But there was no sign of Isola, so Miss Leland poured out a cup of tea and began to drink it, still unconscious of a pair of dark eyes watching her from the shadow of the big armchair.

"And am I to have no tea, Miss Leland?" asked a voice out of the darkness.

Allegra gave a little scream, and almost dropped her cup.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "How can you startle anyone like that? How do you know that I have not heard disease?"

"I would as soon suspect the goddess Hygeia of that, or any other ailment," said Captain Hulbert, rising to his full six feet two, out of the low chair in the dark corner by the bookcase. "Forgive me for my bearishness in sitting here while you were in the room. I could not resist the temptation to sit and watch you for a minute or two while you were unconscious. It was like looking at a picture. While you are talking I am so intent upon what you say, and what you think, that I almost forget to consider what you are like. To-night I could gaze undistracted."

"What absolute nonsense you talk," said Allegra, with the sugar tongs poised above the basin. "One lump—or two?"

"One, two, three—anything you like—up to a million."

"Do you know that you nearly made me break a tea-cup—one of mother's dear old Worcester tea cups? I should never have forgiven you."

"But you forgive me for my stolen contemplation, for sitting in my corner there and admiring you in the firelight?"

"Firelight is very becoming. No doubt I looked better than in the daytime."

"And you forgive me?"

"I suppose so. It is hardly worth while to be angry with you. I shall be a thousand miles away next week. I could not carry my resentment so far. It would cool on the journey."

"A thousand miles is not far for the Vendetta, Miss Leland. She would make light of crossing the Pacific for a worthy motive."

"I don't know anything about motives; but I thought you were fairly established at the Mount, and that you had made an end of your wanderings."

"The Mount is only delightful—I might say endurable—when I have neighbors at the Angler's Nest."

"Martin will let this house, perhaps, and you may find his tenants pleasant neighbors."

"I am not like the domestic cat. It is not houses I care for, but people. My affections would not transfer themselves to the new tenants."

"How can you tell that? You think of them to-night as strangers—and they seem intolerable. You would like them after a week, and be warmly attached to them at the end of a month. Why, you have known us for less than three months, and you fancy ourselves

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"No, we could not any of us be so ungrateful as to forget you," answered Allegra, struggling against growing embarrassment, wondering if this tender tone, these vague nothings, were drifting towards a declaration, or were as simply meaningless as much of the talk between men and women. "We can't forget how kind you have been, and what delightful excursions we have had on the Vendetta."

"The Vendetta will be at San Remo when you want her, Allegra. She will be as much at your command there as she has been here; and her skipper will be as much your slave as he is here—as he has been almost ever since he saw your face."

This was not small talk. This meant something very serious. He had called her Allegra, and she had not reproved him; he had taken her hand and she had not withdrawn it. In the next instant, she knew not how, his arm was round her waist, and her head, weary with the long day's work and anxieties, was resting contentedly on his shoulder, while his lips set their first kiss, tenderly, reverently almost, on her fair broad brow.

"Allegra, this means yes, does it not? Our lives have flowed on together so peacefully, so happily, since last October. They are to mingle and flow on together to the great sea, are they not, love—the sea of death and eternity?"

"Do you really care for me?"

"Do I really adore you? Yes, dear love. With all my power of adoration."

"But you must have cared for other girls before now. I can't believe that I am the first."

"Believe, at least, that you will be the last, as you are the only woman I ever asked to be my wife."

"Is that really, really true?"

"It is true as the needle to the north."

"Yet they say that sailors—"

"Are generally tolerable dancers, and popular in a ball-room, especially when they are the givers of the ball—that they can talk to pretty women without feeling abashed—and that they contrive to get through a good deal of flirting without singeing their wings. I have waltzed with a good many nice girls in my time, Allegra, and I have sat out a good many waltzes. Yet I am here at your side, honestly and devotedly your own; and I have never loved any other woman with the love I feel for you. No other woman has ever held my whole heart; no, not for a single hour."

"You make nice distinctions," said Allegra, gently disengaging herself from his arm, and looking at him with a faint, shy smile, very doubtful, yet very anxious to believe. "I am dreadfully afraid that all this fine talk means nothing more than you would say to any of your partners, if you happened to be sitting out a waltz."

"Should I ask any of my partners to be my wife, do you think?"

"Oh, you can withdraw that to-morrow—forget and ignore it. We may both consider it only a kind of under-the-mistletoe declaration, meaning no more than a mistletoe kiss. I believe when English people were domestic and kept Christmas, the head of the family would have kissed his cook if he had met her under the mistletoe."

"Allegra, is it not cruel of you to be jocosely when I am so tremendously serious?"

"What if I don't believe in your seriousness?"

"Is this only a polite way of refusing me?" he asked, beginning to be offended, not understanding that this nonsense-talk was a hasty defence against overpowering emotion, that she was not sure of him, and was desperately afraid of betraying herself. "Am I to understand that you don't care a straw for me?"

"No, no, no," she cried eagerly; "as a friend I like you better than anyone else in the world, only I don't want to give you more than friendship till I can dare to believe in your love."

"Prove it, Allegra," he cried, clasping her waist again before she was aware. "Put me to any test or any trial—impose any duty upon me—only tell me that if I come through the ordeal you will be my wife."

"You are not in a great hurry to fetter yourself, I hope I," she said.

"I am in a hurry—I long for those sweet fetters by which your love will hold me. I want to be anchored by my happiness."

"Give me a year of freedom, a year for art and earnest work in Italy, a year for Martin and Isola, who both want me, and if this night year you are still of the same mind, I will be

your wife. I will not engage you. You may be as free as air to change your mind and love someone else; but I will promise to be true to you and to this talk of ours till the year's end—one year from to-night."

"I accept your sentence, though it is severe; but I don't accept my freedom. I am your slave for a year. I shall be your slave when the year is out. I am yours, and yours alone for life. And now give me that cup of tea, Allegra, which you have not poured out yet, and let us fancy ourselves Darby and Joan."

"Darby and Joan," echoed Allegra, as she filled his cup. "Must we be like that, old and prosy, sitting by the fire, while life goes by us outside? It seems as if there should be no alternative between old age and untimely death."

"It is said; but the world is made so. And then Providence steeps elderly people in a happy hallucination. They generally forget that they are old, or at least they forget that they ever were young, and they find young people so ineffably silly that youth in itself seems despicable. But we have a long life to the good, dear love, before the coming of gray hairs and elderly prejudices."

And then he began to talk of ways and means, as if they were going to be married next week.

"We shall have enough for bread and cheese, love," he said. "I am better off than a good many younger sons; for a certain old grandmother in our family married with a settlement which provided for the younger branches. It is quite possible that Lostwithiel may never marry—indeed, he seems to me very decided against matrimony, and in that case those who come after us must inherit title and estate in days to come."

"Pray don't talk so," cried Allegra, horrified. "It sounds as if you were speculating upon your brother's death."

"On Lostwithiel's death! Not for worlds, God bless him, wherever he may be. You don't know how fond we two fellows are of each other. Only when a man is going to be married it behooves him to think seriously. I shall have to talk to the Colonel, remember; and he will expect me to be explicit and businesslike."

"I hope you don't think Martin is mercenary," said Allegra. "There never was a man who set less value on money. It wouldn't make any difference to him if you had not a penny. And as for me, I have a little income from my mother—more than enough to buy frocks and things—and beyond that I can earn



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my own living. So you really needn't trouble yourself about me."

There was a touching simplicity in her speech, mingled with a slight flavor of audacity, as of an emancipated young woman, which amused her lover, reminding him of a heroine of Murger's, or de Musset's, a brave little grisette, who was willing to work hard for the *menage a deux*, and who wanted nothing from her lover but love. He looked into the bright, frank face, radiant in the fire-glow, and he told himself that this was just the one woman for whom his heart had kept itself empty, like a temple waiting for its god, in all the years of his manhood. And now the temple door had opened wide, the gates had been lifted up, and the goddess had marched to her place, triumphant and all conquering.

The clock on the mantelpiece struck six, and the old eight-day clock in the hall followed like a solemn echo. Captain Hulbert started up. "So late! Why, we have been talking for nearly two hours!" he exclaimed. "And I have a budget of letters to write for the night mail. Good-bye, darling—or I'll say *au revoir*, for I think I'll walk down again after dinner and get half an hour's chat with Disney, if you don't think it will be too late for me to see him."

"You know he is always pleased to see you—we are not very early people—and this is Christmas Eve. We were to sit round the fire and tell ghost stories, don't you remember?"

"Of course we were. I shall be here soon after nine, and I shall think over all the grizzly legends I ever heard, as I come down the hill."

He went reluctantly, leaving her standing by the fire, a contemplative figure with downcast eyes. At a little later stage in their engagement no doubt she would have gone with him to the door, or even out to the garden gate, for a lingering parting under the stars—but there was a shyness about them both in this sweet dim beginning of their union, when it was so strange to each to have any claim upon the other.

"How lightly she took the whole business," Captain Hulbert said to himself as he went up the hill. "Yet her voice trembled now and then—and her hand was deadly cold when first I clasped it. I think she loves me. A year—snapping his fingers gaily at the stars—"What is a year? A year of bliss if it is mostly spent with her. Besides, year-long engagements are apt to dwindle. I have known such engagements—entered on solemnly like ours to-night—shrink to six months, or less. Why should one linger on the threshold of a new life if one knows it is going to be completely happy?"

The happy love had not been gone five minutes when Isola came creeping into the room, and put her arms round Allegra's neck and kissed her flushed cheek.

"Why, Isola, where have you been hiding all this evening?"

"I had fallen asleep in my room, just half an hour before tea, and when I awoke it was five o'clock and Lottchen told me you and Captain Hulbert were in the drawing-room, and as I know you two have always so much to talk about, I thought I wouldn't disturb you. So I let Lottchen make tea for me in the nursery, and I stayed there to play with baby. And here you are all alone in the dark."

"Oh, we had the firelight—Parker forgot to bring the lamp."

"And you forgot to ring for it," said Isola, going over to the bow-window and drawing back a curtain. "What a lovely sky. Who would think it was Christmas time?"

The moon was in her second quarter, shining brilliantly, in the deep purple of a sky almost without a cloud.

"Will you put on your hat and jacket and come for a stroll in the garden, Isola?" asked Allegra. "It is a mild, dry night, and I don't think the air can hurt you."

"Hurt me? It will do me all the good in the world. Yes, I shall be ready in a moment."

They went out into the hall, where Allegra packed her sister-in-law carefully in a warm, fur-bordered jacket, and flung a tartan shawl round her own shoulders. Then they went out into the garden, and to the lawn by the river. The moon was shining on the running water, brightly, coldly clear, while the meadows on the opposite bank were wrapped in faint, white mists, which made all the landscape seem unreal.

"Are you not too tired for walking here after your long day, Allegra?" Isola asked, when they had gone up and down the path two or three times.

"Tired. No. I could walk to Tywardreath, I could walk to the Mausoleum. Shall we go there? The sea must be lovely under that moon."

"My dearest, it is nearly seven o'clock, and you have been tramping about all day. If you are not very tired, you must be very much excited, Allegra. I am longing to hear what it all means."

"Are you really, now? Do you care about it, Isola? Can you, who are firmly anchored in the haven of marriage, feel any sentimental interest in other people, tossing about on the sea of courtship? Martin is to be told everything to-night—so you may as well know all about it now. You like Captain Hulbert, don't you, Isola?"

"I do, indeed. I like him and believe in him."

"Thank heaven. I should have been miserable if you had doubted or disliked him. He is to be my husband some day, Isola, if Martin approves—but not for a year, at least. Tell me, dear, are you glad?"

"Yes, I am very glad. God bless you, Allegra, and make your life happy—and free—from care."

She broke down with those last faltered words, and Allegra discovered that she was crying.

"My dearest Isola, don't cry. I shall think you are sorry—that you think him unworthy."

"No, no, no. It is not that. He is worthy. He is all that I could desire in the man who is to be your husband. No, I was only thinking how completely happy you and he must be—how cloudless your life promises to be. God keep you and guard you, dear! And may you never know the pain of parting with the husband you love—with your protector and friend—as I have known it."

"Yes, love, but that is all past and done with. There are to be no more farewells for you and Martin."

"No, it is past, thank God. Yet one cannot

forget. I am very glad Captain Hulbert has left the navy—that his profession cannot call him away from you."

"No, he is an idle man. I daresay the time will come when I shall be plagued with him, and be almost obliged to suggest that he should keep race-horses, or go on the Stock Exchange, to occupy his time. I have heard women say that it is terrible to have a stay-at-home husband. Yet Martin is never *de trop*—but then Martin can bury himself in a book. He has no fidgety ways."

"How lightly you talk, Allegra."

"Perhaps that is because my heart is heavy—heavy not with grief and care, but with the burden of perplexity and surprise, with the fear that comes of a great joy."

"You do love him, then?" said Isola earnestly. "You are glad."

"I am very glad. I am glad with all my heart."

"God bless you, dearest. I rejoice in your happiness."

They kissed again, this time with tears on both sides; for Allegra was now quite overcome, and sobbed out her emotion upon her sister's neck, they two standing clasped in each other's arms beside the river.

"When I am dead, Allegra, remember always that I loved you, and that I rejoiced in your happiness as if it were my own."

"When you are dead! How dare you talk like that, when we are taking you away to get well and strong, and to live over so many years beyond your golden wedding? Was there ever such ingratitude?"

The odor of tobacco stole on the evening air, and they heard Martin's firm tread approaching along the gravel path.

Isola put her arm through his, while Allegra ran into the house, and husband and wife walked up and down two or three times in the darkness, she telling him all about the wonderful thing that had happened.

"You are glad, are you not, Martin? As glad as I am?"

"Are you so very glad?"

"Yes, for I know that Allegra loves him, has loved him for a long time."

"Meaning six weeks or so—allowing a fortnight for the process of falling in love. Is that what you call a long time, Isola?"

"Weeks are long sometimes," she answered slowly, as if her thoughts had wandered in another channel.

"Well, if Allegra is pleased I suppose I ought to be content," said Disney. "Hulbert seems a fine, frank fellow, and I have never heard anything to his discredit. He was popular in the navy, and was considered a man of marked ability. I daresay people will call him a good match for Allegra, so long as Lostwithiel remains a bachelor."

"No one can be too good for Allegra, and only the best of men can be good enough. If I had my own way I should have liked her to remain always unmarried, and to care for nothing but her nephew and you. I should have liked to think of her as always with you."

The triangular dinner party was gay that evening that it had been for a long time. Isola was in very high spirits, and her husband was delighted at the change from that growing apathy which had frightened him. The ladies had scarcely left the table when Captain Hulbert arrived, and was ushered into the dining-room, where Martin Disney was smoking his after-dinner pipe in the chimney corner—the old chimney corner of that original Angler's Nest which had been a humble homestead two hundred years ago.

The two men shook hands and then John Hulbert seated himself on the opposite side of the hearth, and they began to talk earnestly of the future, Martin Disney speaking with fond affection of the sister who had been to him almost as a daughter.

"Her mother was the sweetest and truest of women," he said, "and her father had one of the most refined and delicate natures I ever met with in a man. I do not know that he was altogether fitted for the church. He was wanting in energy and decision, or force of character; but he was a firm believer, pure-minded and disinterested, and he was an artist to the tips of his fingers. It is from him Allegra inherits her love of art; only while he was content to trifle with art she has worked with all the power of her strong, resolute temperament. She inherits that from her mother's line, which was a race of workers; men with whom achievement was a necessity of existence—men who fought and men who thought—sword and gown."

Disney smiled at the stern condition of a year's probation which Allegra had imposed upon her lover.

"Such sentences are very often remitted," he said.

"I own to having some hope of mercy," replied Captain Hulbert. "People have an idea that May marriages are unlucky, but it seems to me that June is a capital month for a yachtman's honeymoon; and if I can persuade my dearest to remit half my period of probation and fix the first of June for our wedding, I should be just half a year happier than I am now."

"Have you any notion yet what kind of life you are to lead after your marriage? I hope it will not be a roving life. Isola and I would like to have our sister near us."

"And Allegra and I would like to study your liking," laughed Hulbert. "We may wander a little on summer seas, but we will have our fixed abode, and it shall be near you. So long as Lostwithiel is a bachelor we can make our home at the Mount; but fond as I am of that dear old place, I should be glad to see my brother married. There is something amiss in his present mode of life, and I have but too strong reason to fear that he is not a happy man."

"Have you any idea of the cause of his unhappiness?"

"Only speculative ideas—mere theories that may be without foundation in fact. I fancy that he has burnt the lamp of life a little too furiously, and that the light has grown dim in the socket. The after taste of the fiery youth is the taste of dust and ashes. There may be memories, too—memories of some past folly—which are vivid enough to poison the present. I know that he is unhappy. I have tried to find out the cause, and it all ends in this—an obstinate reserve on his part, and mere theorizing on mine."

"I have heard that he lived in a bad set after he left the university."

"A bad set—yes, that is it. A man who begins life in a certain circle is like a workman who gets his arm or leg caught unawares in a machine worked by steam power. In an instant he is entangled past rescue. He is gone. He has taken the wrong road. Ten years afterwards, perhaps, when he is bald and wrinkled, he may pull himself up on the downward track and try to get rid of a bad reputation and make a fresh start, but those fresh starts rarely end in a winning race. I am very sorry for my brother. He is a warm-hearted fellow, with a good deal of talent, and he ought not to have made a bad thing of his life."

"Let us hope that he may have pulled up in time, and that he may get a young wife before he is many years older. I have no desire that my sister's son should be a peer. I only want to see her happy with a husband who shall be worthy of her."

(To be Continued.)

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

ONIONS.—See answer to Henthilla. The studies are identical.

MADON.—Your writing is not very interesting, being rather unrefined and laudatory. You are sociable, practical, rather too frank, but honest and sincere. Hope is not shown, but a level head and some facility.

HIGHLAND LARK.—Refined taste, some imagination, good temper, decision and frank but rather discreet manner, rather a love of formalism and a dislike to innovations, great honesty and excellent judgment are shown.

HENTHILLA.—Talent and great constancy of purpose are yours. You are variable in temper, slightly outspoken, lacking those captivating graces of tact and subtle intuition. Self reliance and self assertion and considerable power are yours. The artistic temperament is shown, a very sweet and kind nature and impatience of detail are visible, also slight carelessness.

DOROTHY BROOKS.—You are refined, very vivacious and bright, rather prejudiced in judgment and very fond of your own way, tenacious, capable of warm affection, preserving in design and action; one of those strongly wired natures that never go to pieces; extremely truthful and rather fond of praise, undoubtedly clever in your own sphere—that is what the editor says.

A YANKEE GIB.—I know very well the City of Straits, from which you hail. As you have not written again, I conclude you are a patient body, and I hope you will see your study. 2. You are of pleasant and easy temper, kind, fond of humor, rather discreet and cautious, affectionate, with rather a strong streak of originality and enough decision and perseverance to carry out your plans.

SIR RONALD.—You are not particularly self-assertive and don't include in egotism; are amiable in temper, very constant in purpose, practical, energetic and rather bright, and while not strikingly clever, able to hold your own. Sympathy, some perception, a generous and kindly judgment and a first-rate business method are yours. You are rather self-indulgent, but neither mean nor selfish.

PANAMA.—That is the way you spell it, isn't it? What a merry and delightful handwriting yours is! Full of good temper, love of fun, hope and vivacity. You are joyous, but not over impulsive, sociable, but discreet; of excellent sympathy, taste and good will, full of curiosity, a little willful, generous and full of life and all sorts of attractive ways. I almost feel like falling mildly in love with you, you bright creature!

QUELL.—I thank you for your kind wishes; I heartily reciprocate. 2. You are rather idealistic, but have good practical capabilities; are decided, honest, good-tempered, with occasional nervous, warm-hearted, very constant and frank, but not indifferently so. I believe you are a little indolent and slightly in love with yourself, but you have sense enough not to let either trait stand in your own light. I think if you set your mind to teaching you would succeed.

NELL.—I don't know what you think of me for being so tardy in acknowledging your nice, bright Christmas letter. It was one of the pleasantest things that came my way as that time. Thank you very much for it, Nell, and accept my best wishes for what remains of the year. Your guess was almost right; if you add just five to the largest figure you'll hit it. I am sure the girl whose time is taken up just filling in gaps is a very useful member of society. My love to you. Write again.

WINIFRED MCGUIRE.—I am sorry you aren't a girl, after such a *nom de plume* as that, but I think I must call you Dennis. Probably the color of your hair is red. I am sure I don't know. Your disposition is erratic, and your method very faulty. You are a pleasant, thoughtful, bright and lively personage, with some good practical ideas and power and perseverance to carry them out. Facility, impulse and a wayward will are some of your traits, and a strong sense of humor and love of a lark are two more. Go away with you!

TOM'S LUPA.—This is a peculiar disposition; energetic and, in the peculiar way, consistent, sharp in temper, quick in judgment, fond of talking and very impatient of control; a mind of quick working, capable of much refinement and ambitious to succeed, loving praise and taking pleasure in a discussion; a character militant here on earth. 2. I admire his level head and how to his quick intelligence; he struck me as a delightful person, clever, courteous and bright. 3. I really cannot remember. I know his wife and all her bears and forebears, whose name is Legion.

JAY PEK.—As this column is intended for the benefit of our subscribers I could not promise you that your friend's letter would be specially looked after, she not being a subscriber. Some of the letters of the date you mention might be in last week's paper. Some may be still undelivered. I really could not take time to look over the exact dates.

2. Your writing shows good power and some perseverance, excessive self-assertion, general caution and care for details, little tact and intuitive perception, some love of society and self-esteem. Taste is crude, ideas clear, practical, energy good. The hand is honest, but lacks culture and the finer traits.

PANAMA.—This is not a woman's magazine, but a society and literary paper. A good deal of space is devoted to women and their affairs in it, but horticulture, needlework and home decoration are not suitable to its columns. These belong to the woman's magazine sort of thing and would not suit the majority of our readers, most of whom, those of the gentler sex I mean, take one or more of the above publications. As to the mode of giving an afternoon tea, which is strictly a society affair, I am always glad to inform our sisters. The tea can be an informal and limited affair, with the hostess at the tea urn, or a large crush, with the massiveness to announce the guests, and a refreshment table presided over by a bary of your brightest young lady friends. If you don't wish to have a very small or a very large affair, and have not much assistance, get your table ready and everything at hand—coffee, lemonade or claret cup, ice cream and sandwiches, with cakes and bon-bons, and have as many men as you can spare up, for you will depend on them more than you would if you had your coterie of lady waitresses. Don't have jellies, salads, trifles or other supper dishes; they are ostentatious and bothersome. Have some decided tone of color for decorative effect—fairly candles with violet shades, violet ribbons laid on the table, violets in small flower vases here and there, and violet powder ac-

ling the apartments. You can substitute yellow or pink or red roses, carrying out the color in your decorations, and your own gown could be a further motif in the chosen shade. For an informal tea brown bread and butter, macaroons, wafers and bon-bons, and an urn, or if you can get it, a Russian Samovar for tea; no other beverage is required. A daffodil tea is lovely in spring. 2. I cannot give you the name of the book you require, but you can get all the histories separately. 3. Your writing shows undoubted ability, self-esteem, energy and discretion. Your tendency is pessimistic, or rather you are not hopeful enough to withstand trial. Tenacity is marked, and I should not care to contradict you. You are fond of plans, somewhat impractical, of large ideas and excellent discretion in behavior and expression; caution and love of comfort, light effort, and rather a forceful impulse are shown. You are both careful and ambitious.

The Mississippi Judge.

The good judge became afflicted with lassitude. The carnival season was being celebrated in an adjoining town and he was seized with a desire to go there and plunge into the festivities. He would have packed his grip at once but for an obstacle—he had no money to pay railroad fare, not to speak of funds for enjoyment when he arrived at the scene of merriment. So he followed his old plan when he was sore perplexed and held a consultation with Tony.

"Our judicial duties have been severe, Tony," he said, "and it is necessary to have relaxation. All work and no play—eh, my boy?"

Tony nodded.

"It is necessary to devise some honest means to raise the necessary," continued the judge, "but how will we do it?"

Tony did not say a word. When there was a scheme on foot he left it all to the judge. However, he helped himself to a cigar from the judge's box while waiting for the latter to propound his plan, for he was sure he had one.

"In the first place, we must have traveling money, and in the next funds for expenses."

Tony thrust his hand into the drawer and helped himself to a bottle, from which he partook in an absent-minded manner while listening.

"I think, however, we can get over the difficulty. Do you think you can find a couple of vagabonds, Tony?"

Tony shook his head. "Vags are getting mighty scarce," he said. "We cleaned 'em all out with the last batch."

"Nevertheless, Tony, I leave it to you to find a couple of vagabonds."

If there was anything Tony could do, it was to carry out the judge's plans. After he had learned what lines the carnival campaign was laid on, he heartily began his search. As he had said, there were few vagabonds in the locality. None of the residents did much work, but all made a pretense at doing something. For two days Tony looked over the neighborhood and was much discouraged at the outlook. Finally he bethought him of a hermit who dwelt on the outskirts of a swamp. He was a harmless man who lived from hand to mouth. He hated mankind and preferred the solitude of the woods and the freedom of the fields to the village. For want of someone better, Tony concluded to arrest the hermit, and accordingly he one day dragged the astonished man from his hut to the county jail, where this modern Timon was suffered to languish until the following morning. Then he was brought into court and the judge proceeded to examine him as a common vagrant.

The man protested; he had never demanded alms of anyone; he merely asked leave to live away from human beings, whom he detested; he wanted to be let alone and he would let everyone alone. Then the judge in his most impressive manner proceeded to propound a few questions. What was the prisoner's occupation? He had none. Very well; a man without an occupation was clearly a vagabond if he had no income. The prisoner confessed that he had no gold bonds or stocks and would come under the class of those without incomes. Asked how he managed to live, the hermit said that he dug a few roots in the morning and gathered some fruit and occasionally caught a few fish in the stream near the swamp. The judge turned to a ponderous book and proceeded to show that, although nothing was said specifically about men who gathered roots being vagabonds, yet the meaning of the term was generally implied. Roots were clearly not intended as an article of food and anyone who depended upon them was surely a vagabond. Accordingly he would be obliged to sentence the hermit to six months in the county jail—mentioning the town where the carnival was at its height. Then the judge proceeded to appoint himself and his faithful lieutenant as a guard who, at the expense of the township, would convey the prisoner to the distant prison.

They started bright and early next morning with the prisoner seated manacled between them. The latter protested about going to prison; he said he preferred his hut and the roots, but the judge never took his eye off him, except when he would leave for a few moments to go to the far end of the car, where, with his back turned—for the ethics of the bench had to be observed—he would take a long sip from the flask, which, on his returning to the seat, he would hand to Tony, who, in turn, would go forward as though to look out and admire the scenery. And then, sitting between them, their breaths almost intoxicated the hermit, who finally threw off his reserve and asked if he couldn't walk to the forward end of the car. By the time they were reached their journey's end they were conversing most affably together, and the hermit's manacles had been removed. Then all three strolled arm-in-arm from the car. The judge forgot that the hermit was a prisoner, and the trio plunged madly into the gay carnival scene. For a week they owned the town, and the hermit proved an exceptionally good fellow, entering into the spirit of the occasion with every evidence of youth and gay spirit. He even cut off his beard and was not such a bad-looking person, shorn of his patriarchal appendage. When the week was over the judge suddenly bethought him of his mission. It filled him with sadness, for he had become much attached to the recluse.

"See here, my boy, it is time to part," he said one morning.

"Part I?" said the hermit in amazement.

"Yes; you're a prisoner, you know. I'll have to leave you at the prison." The hermit

gazed at him reproachfully. He thought that all had been forgotten long ago in the mad carnival frolic.

"I don't think that's just right, judge, do you, to treat a friend like that?" asked the hermit. "Well, it does seem a little rough," admitted the judge. "Still, justice is justice, and you have been tried and sentenced. Perhaps it isn't so bad after all. You'll get meat once a day and plum pudding on Sunday, while if you tell them you are not well you won't have to work. Now, in your former abode you never had meat, and I'll warrant you do not know what plum pudding tastes like." The prisoner confessed that this was true.

"Perhaps it would be an agreeable change," he admitted.

"Now, that's the way to talk," said the judge heartily. "You'll find it a great improvement on digging for roots. Your meals will all be brought to you by a gentlemanly attendant, and you will have a bed instead of branches to sleep on. Just think of it—a hair mattress."

"Are you sure about the mattress, judge?"

"Dead sure. You can be a member of the debating society and the president of the ethical culture club if you want to, besides taking part in amateur charades three times a month."

The prisoner shook the judge's hand. "All right; I'll stay," he said decisively.

"That's right," said the judge, relieved. "It's an ill wind that brings no one good." They took a sorrowful farewell of the hermit and then returned to town. Their expenses had been paid for the little jaunt; the judge had enjoyed himself heartily; Tony had celebrated in his more uproarious fashion, and the prisoner entered the institution convinced that the judge was his best friend, and quite contented with the outlook. As he expressed it in taking leave of the judge, perhaps it would be more certain living there than digging for roots, which was precarious, for sometimes roots were plentiful and again they were scarce, and besides he had dug up most of the ground surrounding his lonely hut. Now he would try to reconcile himself to the sweet companionship of the inmates and become an ornament to the institution. So, by his foresight, the judge performed another deed for the benefit of the community.


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Next Week.

In our next issue will appear the first of three illustrated articles on the Riel Rebellion in the Canadian North-West in 1885. These articles are written by Mr. George R. Brooks, who at the time of the outbreak was doing editorial work on a Winnipeg newspaper and held a first lieutenant's commission in the 91st Battalion of Canadian Militia, known as the Winnipeg Light Infantry, which formed part of General Strange's detachment. The first article leads up to the Frog Lake massacre, Lieut. Brooks being one of the advance party sent forward to reconnoitre in the direction of that unfortunate settlement, coming upon a scene of desolation, plunder and outrage. These articles will be freely illustrated with half-tone and pen and ink sketches and should prove of great interest to the reading public. They certainly will have an interest for those who went to the front at that time and are now widely scattered. The events of that period are being slowly but surely forgotten, and the great body of students and school children the country over should avail themselves of this opportunity to become acquainted with the stirring episodes of our own Rebellion.

The Drama.

MASTER AND MAN is a strong, clean and healthy play with a simple, well defined plot which is extremely well conceived. It unfolds itself gradually as the play proceeds and sufficiently to enable the spectator to grasp the thread of the story and retain his interest in the piece as well. I hate mysteries myself, and am never happy when, having struggled through the intricacies of three acts, I find that I have to return to the first act to remember something which somebody said or did, or else go home with a new conundrum to solve. I go to the theater to be amused, not to be confronted with mental problems, and one night this week I was happy. I even forgave the late arrivals, the person behind me who insisted upon repeating the actors' words, and the young lady in front with a spring hat as lofty as the tower of Eiffel. The play contained a moral, the same old story of virtue triumphing over vice and the oppressed finally crushing the oppressor; an old story but one which always interests us because in reality it is new, it is in direct opposition to the experience of the majority among us, and it hardly ever happens in life. But it is pleasant to dream that such a state of things does obtain somewhere, pleasant to see it enacted on the mimic stage of life. Humpy Logan is a remarkable character, and is well rendered by Palmer Collins, who is a conscientious and talented actor. In the scene where he declares his passion for Hester, he is weak. The influence of that love, which so powerfully affects his conduct throughout, should make him somewhat more gentle in tone and demeanor when in the act of avowal: apart from this he well sustains his character. Charlotte Ray, who takes the part of Hester, has the advantage of possessing an extremely prepossessing appearance and considerable ability as an actress. In the first act she appears to us as a young girl and afterwards as wife and mother, and acquits herself well. She took the house by storm when she lifted a real, live baby from the cradle, which the majority thought to be empty, and the baby came in for a large share of the admiration on account of the quiet manner in which it behaved when it found itself the cynosure of all eyes. But then who would be likely to struggle when Miss Ray's arms were around him? Elvise Mortimer appeared to advantage as a merry, light-hearted girl, while F. Harrington and M. Murray rendered well the parts of Jack Walton and Robert Carlton. The whole company is very well balanced and makes a strong combination, while the scenery is effective and realistic, and a very pleasant evening can be spent in the Toronto this week.

This week in the curio hall of the Museum the familiar figure of Chas. Young, the wire worker, is to be seen turning out some extremely graceful and clever designs in wire and jewelry. Near him is the gigantic figure of Capt. Ureck, a man with whom I would rather drink a glass of wine than fight, unless it was on a prairie where there was plenty of room to run away. There is also a necromancer who does many strange tricks enveloped in dark mystery and illustrative of the saying that the quickness of the hand deceives the eye. Down in the theater the programme contains features which partake of the character of a rough-and-tumble fight, and the actors well deserve their title of "knock-about" comedians. As to O'Brien, (or is he Redding?) his vertebral column must be made of some material which combines the properties of strength and flexibility, or it would have been shattered long ago. Alexis is certainly a marvel in his own line, that of a contortionist. I do not know what elements enter into the composition of his tissues, but I am certain that India rubber must be largely a component. The most pleasing feature of the show is dogs who jump, walk, stand up and sit down, while one turns flip-flops and hand-springs. I am not acquainted with the precise difference in the nature of the two perform-

ances thus named, but there must be a distinction because it means something to the doggie.

I was extremely disappointed with the Leavenworth Case, in which neither the conception nor the acting came up to my expectations. The sketching of the characters is very faulty and the playwright has introduced some glaring inconsistencies, while the actors in their rendering of their parts do not make amends for the disagreeable impressions thus created. The playwright paints Mary Leavenworth in very disagreeable colors. She is avaricious, cowardly, calculating and utterly heartless, yet we see her in the last act as an extremely loving and lovable woman, adoring the husband whom she was afraid to acknowledge lest her uncle should disinherit her. Add to these contradictions an utter want of grace of movement and an extremely monotonous delivery, and it is no longer a matter of wonder that many of the audience yawned. Neither was her cousin's character invested with any of those traits which, in the story whence the play is derived, make her a very admirable woman. The secretary's delivery was very monotonous, and he appeared to me as an actor who was struggling with a part considerably above his powers, and taking refuge in mannerisms which were altogether unsuitable. The other actors were well up to their roles but could not save the play from being a wearisome performance.

D. G.

Kleiser's Star Course promises to close most brilliantly on Thursday evening, the 4th of May, when Leland T. Powers will present for the first time in this city the charming comedy of David Garrick. By kind permission of Lieut. Col. Hamilton and officers, the band of the Queen's Own Rifles, under the direction of Mr. John Bayley, will play during the evening. The characters impersonated by Mr. Powers are as follows:

David Garrick.....The great English actor
Mr. Simon Ingot.....A wealthy London merchant
Miss Ada Ingot.....His charming and accomplished daughter
Mr. Richard Chivy.....An empty-headed fop
Mr. Smith.....Of Smith, Smith & Co.
Mrs. Smith.....His wife (mother of seven children)
Mr. Brown.....His wife (mother of seven children)
Miss Armita Brown.....His old maid sister
Mr. Jones.....
Ingot's Servant.....
Garrick's Valet.....

Act I, Ingot's drawing-room before the dinner; Act II, Ingot's drawing room after the dinner; Act III, Garrick's study. Plans of seats will open at Nordheimer's next Thursday morning at 9.30.

What I regard as the theatrical event of the season will be Miss Julia Marlowe's appearance at the Grand next week in the following repertoire: Monday, Twelfth Night; Tuesday, Romeo and Juliet; Wednesday evening, Much Ado About Nothing; Thursday, Ingomar; Friday, As You Like It; Saturday matinee, Romeo and Juliet; Saturday evening, a great double bill, Rogues and Vagabonds, and Pygmalion and Galatea. This is Miss Marlowe's first appearance here in tragedy, and the best critics on the other side declare that she will soon be recognized as the greatest tragedienne America has produced. William Dean Howells, in one of his books, asks if you have seen Julia Marlowe play Juliet, and if not, he says: "Then you have never seen Juliet." Toronto will do itself credit in filling the Grand to the doors during Miss Marlowe's engagement here,



It is a pleasure to know that Miss Jessie Alexander, our clever and versatile entertainer, is once more enabled to resume her place on the platform. After fulfilling engagements in Guelph and Niagara Falls in the early part of next week, she will return for her recital here on Friday next at the Pavilion, which should be filled to the doors, to listen to the latest additions to her repertoire, which she has prepared for this occasion, from such well known authors as R. Harding Davis, J. M. Barrie, and Maurice Thomson. Mr. Geo. Fox, the well known violinist, will contribute several solos. The sale of seats opens at Nordheimer's on Monday next at 9.30 a.m.

Superba at the Grand this week is drawing very large houses. Nothing can be said of it in the way of description, further than that it is irresistibly funny, and that the scenes are perfect dreams of loveliness. Everyone should see it.

Lost in London at the Academy this week is playing to almost empty houses. The play and the people presenting it sufficiently explain the fact.

Spider and Fly, gorgeous and semi-nude, is filling Jacobs & Sparrow's to the doors the latter part of the week. Comment on it will be reserved until next issue.

Side-Tracked will be on at Jacobs & Sparrow's next week. It is a comedy drama that not only pleases the public but has proved itself worthy of praise for the manner in which the author has constructed each individual character. Mr. Jule Walters, as Horatio Xerxes Booth, an independent representative of the American Congress, is very amusing. The way Mr. Walters illustrates the character is excruciatingly funny. He has talent and pulls the play up to his own level.

Gorman's Minstrels will be at the Academy three nights next week.

Concert at Trinity College.

The most interesting concert at Trinity for some time was the Banjo Club concert on April 18. It was a grand success in every way, and the management are to be heartily congratulated. Convocation Hall was used, and by 8.30 every seat was taken. Musically the concert was decidedly a treat. Miss Gaylord's singing was just what her friends and people in town generally look for as a matter of course from her. Her best song I think was

The Faded Violet, by Albert Robert, a delicious bit of melody, though I suppose the waltz song by Metra displayed to a greater extent her fine command of voice. Robin Adair as a final encore "brought down the house." A good many among the audience thought that, from a musical point of view, Miss Sophie Ridley's violin playing was the special treat. One is, from sad experience, rather shy of amateur violinists, but as soon as Miss Ridley commenced Wieniawski's beautiful Legende all nightmares of sitting through ten minutes' scraping slightly out of tune, vanished, and one listened to a splendid work, interpreted with great intelligence—in one or two movements, with real brilliance. When the difficult and trying number was finished, one felt he had listened to a thoroughly musical young lady who plays her violin well, and who would make a name for herself some day if she went in for the study of her instrument seriously, as a profession. For an encore Miss Ridley played a sweet little piece, Berceuse, by Renard. Mr. Crawford Scadding's rich baritone was heard at its best in De Koven's Nita Gitanas. He always delights his audience. Mrs. Mervyn Mackenzie sang Mascagni's Ave Maria well. Her voice is an exceptionally rich mezzo and she uses it in a way that shows careful culture. Miss Ridley played a violin obligato for this number, as well as for Happy Days, by Strzelecki, which Mr. J. C. A. Mockridge sang. The playing of the Banjo and Guitar Club was greatly enjoyed. The men have worked hard and thoroughly deserved the hearty encores they got. The mandolin trio, Messrs. Reed, Becket, and Clark, played what someone called "fairly music," and contributed no small share to the success of the concert. A quartette, Who is Sylvia? by Schubert, was sung by Miss Gaylord, Mrs. Mackenzie, Mr. Crawford Scadding and Mr. Mockridge. It is a very pretty little thing and was evidently enjoyed by the audience.

Dressed in Scarlet.

IT is hard to leave her now, though the dead face is turning cold and white in the gathering dusk. I will kiss it once more, and then they may lead me away. What matters it now that the eventide of my life has fallen? The morn was brilliant with promise, but the afternoon of my existence waned and my cherished hopes faded below a horizon of woe.

My thoughts are always wandering to her. Now that it is all over I can calmly review the scenes in my mind, and make a definite formation out of the chaotic thoughts that have whirled through my head since I saw her last. Then the flush of girlhood was in her face, and gaily and innocent pleasure made her presence a thing to be desired, and no black cloud dimmed the horizon of my hopes until she met the man whose wiles lured her from my side. It was then I left her for a time, but long months afterwards the old feeling came upon me and I returned to see her face once more.

They met me with pitying looks and greetings of sadness, but my mind was dimly conscious of their meaning. I wandered forth into the quiet night to search for her and bring her home. They told me where they thought she lived, and as I traced the narrow squalid streets a great fear fell upon my heart. In a narrow court where the soft light of heaven rarely fell, I found her with him. Found her in the midst of vice and squalor, she who had been so tenderly nurtured, and whose soft and gentle nature I knew could never adapt itself to coarse and brutal surroundings such as were there.

He was there; I saw him through the broken, narrow window, and I crept stealthily forward where I could gaze and be unseen. I had a horrible, fascinating desire to see them together. Just as I reached the dim window I raised my eyes and saw him lift his brutal hand and strike her down. I heard her scream of agony, and reached them just as he drove his heavy heel into her sweet, tender face. God! how I strangled him! I turned his fast blackening face to the moonlight and spat in it, gloating in his agony. Gradually his limbs relaxed, and he dropped limp and lifeless on the floor beside her. I turned his face away from hers, and spurned his body with my foot. I then stooped over her fair form. She moaned once or twice, and I prayed that she might remember me and careen me as of old. The pale moonlight streamed through the broken window, lighting up the dismal interior and showing the livid bruises on her face. She smiled and turned her face to his, giving me no sign of recognition. Then the moonlight seemed to flicker and dance before me, and I knew no more until they lifted me from my knees beside the body. The light of day was on her face, and I then saw that she was dressed in scarlet and had tawdry rings and ornaments on her person.

Who's Dat a' Callin'.

THEY say "that the hungry man is never alone," and the consensus of modern sentiment is doubtless in full accord with the statement. Everyone carries somewhere concealed about his person a "crittur" called an "appetite." And that "crittur" squeals. The squeal is generally to the same old tune but the key varies considerably. The cage may sit and say nothing, but the canary goes on warbling, the tender and soul-straining refrain being "give us another bite." I refer to the animalcule as a canary simply in a figurative sense. For all I know it may look like a troglodyte or even bear a resemblance to a measles bacillus, but it gets there just the same.

The habits and characteristics of the brute vary in about the same ratio as the spots of color in a brindled pup. The frequency of the demands, and the size of the chunks that have to be thrown to one of the varieties, stamps it almost beyond a doubt as belonging to a branch of the devil-fish family, while the persistency with which another variety insists on liquoring up points to the deplorable fact that, whatever it is, it has got a leak in it.

What an amount of good the average man could and doubtless would do for his fellow creatures, if so much of his valuable time and so many of his weighty ideas were not taken

up with such a fearful regularity in loading up this double-barreled, chronic infernal machine, so weakly described as an "appetite." How much more time and money would he be able to squander on the widow and the fatherless, if nature had not decorated his interior with such a squalling pauper all his own, the principal amusement of which between meals seems to be howling for more! What an amount of fine raiment could a man adorn his person with, and with what an amount of information could he store his mind, if he hadn't to bank four-fifths of his assets in his stomach. It's enough to make the gods weep, to think of it.

G. J. A.

The Truly Great.

IF you want to feel humble, proceed to buy your garments; there you will meet the truly great. They are the chosen few who care for art alone, for whom other considerations, monetary or comfortable, have no value. You may have had some mistaken notions as to the paramount importance of the inside of your head—wait and see what the rest of the world thinks about it.

Being of a righteous and economical turn, you laboriously calculate a sum beyond which you will not go. Having some ideas on the subject of propriety in clothes, you determine that you will not have a certain new and odious style. Such your condition when you approach the truly great.

After a slight preliminary tussle, you select the raw material. How is it going to be made? You indicate what you prefer.

"Oh, do you think so? You wouldn't like that."

The modiste considers you a cross between a child and a lunatic.

"That style is not worn now. Of course if you wish it—"

Indescribable intonation! You have fallen considerably in your own estimation and no longer feel that you possess judgment.

The truly great seizes the opportunity and decides for you on a style which you think vulgar, ridiculous, conspicuous and ugly.

"How much is it?"

A sum is mentioned carelessly. Good gracious! But you have sufficient self-respect to conceal most of your emotion.

"I did not intend to spend as much as that."

The truly great displays symptoms of leaving you to an assistant, evidently believing that the poor require no clothes.

The curious thing about it is that in a week you possess not only the clothes, but a passionate admiration for them.

PENNY.

Patsy's Answer.

We live next door to a very lively Irish family, two of whom interest me greatly; these are the two youngest, who rejoice in the names of Joseph and Patrick.

The other day, hearing their voices, I went to the fence and leaned over, watching them. They did not notice me and went on with their conversation.

"No, begorra! X' can't put them on roight, back to back, an' front to front, top up an' bottom down."

The subject under discussion was a pair of gaiters belonging to an Englishman who was in their father's employment.

"Can't O' this?" exclaimed Patsy indignantly. "What'll ye bet?"

"O' won't bet, but y' can't do ut."

"Well, see me do ut," retorted Patsy, and he went bravely to work.

Whilst he was puffing and blowing, pulling and strapping, I saw his brother's face undergoing the most amazing and ludicrous contortions, in his endeavor to subdue an intense desire to laugh. He succeeded finally by stuffing the lapel of his coat into his mouth.

Patsy having finished, much to his own satisfaction, stood up to be surveyed and was greatly astonished to see his brother throw himself back and give vent to about the heartiest peal of laughter imaginable. After recovering himself sufficiently, he shouted delightedly, "Back to front! Back to front! O' could ye so!"

"Och!" returned the son of Erin tranquilly, "but shure ye don't know fitch way O'ill be aither goin'."

NANCY P. H.

It Drew the Girls.

Last Sunday evening I was passing a well known Methodist church, and noticed a string of well dressed young men standing outside on the boulevard.

Recognizing one of them I asked what was the attraction.

"Waiting for church to come out," he replied.

"Well, why don't you go inside?" I asked.

"No room—all the seats taken."

"Well, why don't you all go home?"

"Waiting for the girls—church is full of them."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "What has brought them out?"

At this moment the doors opened and a surging crowd of bonnets swarmed down the steps, and my friend with a brief "excuse me" lifted his hat, smiled a smile, and joined a bonnet.

Then my wondering glance fell upon a board which bore upon it the legend: "This Evening! Special Sermon to Young Men! All Welcome."

UNCLE ARTIE.

Why He Wept.

Tommie had seven brothers, but at last a little girl baby was sent down in a hand basket from the blue sky above. The event was heralded with all the joy and pride natural on such an occasion, but Tommie's Aunt Marie found him sitting on the stairs and crying as if his little heart would break.

"Why, Tommie, dear, what is it?" she asked, as the tear-besmeared face looked up at her. But Tommie only continued to sob.

"Then are you sorry, dear, that you have a little sister?" asked Aunt Marie kindly.

"No," said Tommie between his sobs, "it isn't that."

"Well, what is it, dear?"

"Oh, Aunt Marie," with another burst of tears, "why didn't they send a boy and then we'd have had a base-ball nine!"

A. J. S.

The Poet's Art.

For Saturday Night.

The poet, with his noblest art,
Is God's appointed nature-man,
For, ere the days of our historian,
Apollo sang the secrets of the heart,
And lightly tuned his red Mercurian lyre,
Not in the sage's study, or the mark,
But in the meadows and the bowers,
By the streams, among the flowers,
In mountain high, and heavens higher,
Among great Jupiter's nine lovely daughters,
To mourning waters.
There, to the music of the warbling birds,
He sang of the soul,
Revealing the whole
Of immortal man in immortal words;
And from the height of that most holy mount,
Discovered lands no mortal man had seen,
Peering through the gloom
Of earth's earthly doom,
To the eternal everlasting fount
Whence beauty, truth and goodness spring,
Saw, with a prophet's eye so keen,
And to our hapless world he brings
Those heavenly things.

Gals.

ALEX. W. CRAWFORD.

The Tree Planter.

For Saturday Night.

God bless the man who plants a tree
And gives unto the world sweet shade
And whispering boughs and fragrant leaves,
To make the world more glad!

God bless him! Every little bird
That wings between the summer skies
Shall sing a sweeter strain because
So kind a man hath lived.

God bless him! For the thrifty bee
Shall gather from its opening buds
Their little store of sweets laid by
'Gainst bitter winter weather.

And every little butterfly,
Beetle and bug, in sultry noons
Shall find a shelter 'neath its leaves
From blast of baking suns.

And tender flowers, too delicate
To stand alone, shall flourish there
Close to its kindly form, and raise
Their' tears their grateful smiles.

Perchance some wanderer, o'erdone
With dust and drouth, shall stretch himself
Within its shade to rest a while,
Calmed by its drowsy song.

And, half-adream, shall hear again
That other tender lullaby
Of earlier days, sung by a voice
Long silent and forgot!

And rising all refreshed and strong,
He shall go forth a better man—
Better, though but for one short hour,
Still, better for that hour!

There happy children in the dusk
Shall join in merry games and songs,
And bind gay garlands from its leaves,
To deck their darling bonnets.

God bless the man who plants a tree
And gives unto the world sweet shade
And whispering boughs and fragrant leaves,
To make the world more glad!

For this is true usefulness:
To plant though we may not enjoy
The blessings of the thing we plant,
Nor see its fulness ever.

God bless him! May his life itself
Be like that tree—green-leaved and dewed
With sweetness, resting weary ones
And scattering joys on all.

JAS. A. TUCKER.

A Mistake.

For Saturday Night.

Wand'ring under a sky so blue,
I sought for Peg and found but Sue.
Alas and a-lack-a-day,
In flow'ring meadows never stray.

I loved dear Peg and I liked sweet Sue,
But what, ah me! was a man to do?
Alas and a-lack-a-day,
In flow'ring meadows never stray.

For Sue was pretty and bright and gay,
And my dear Peg was far away.
Alas and a-lack-a-day,
In flow'ring meadows never stray.

The babbling brook ran swiftly by
Where we sat down, just Sue and I.
Alas and a-lack-a-day,
In flow'ring meadows never stray.

She was so prim, so coyly shy,
That with one glance from her blue eyes,
Alas and a-lack-a-day,
In flow'ring meadows never stray.

Poor Peg I straightway quite forgot!
(Don't blame me, for I meant it not).
Alas and a-lack-a-day,
In flow'ring meadows never stray.

I kissed sweet Sue, not once nor twice,
And it was really very nice.
Alas and a-lack-a-day,
In flow'ring meadows never stray.

So tho' 'twas Peg I meant to wed,
I found I'd got sweet Sue instead.
Alas and a-lack-a-day,
In flow'ring meadows never stray.

F. T. T.

Put on Taxes.

Let us cover up the embezzlers
Lying all around our path,
Get a trust on wheat and roses,
Give the poor the thorns and chaff.

Let us find our chiefest pleasures
Hoarding bounties of to-day,
So the poor shall have scant measure
And two pence have to pay.

Yes, we'll reservoir all rivers,
And we'll levy on the lakes,
And we'll lay a trifling poll tax
On each poor man who makes.

We'll brand his number on him
That he'll carry through his life;
We'll apprentice all his children,
Get a mortgage on his wife.

We will capture 'em the wind god,
And confine him in a cave;
And then through our patent process
We the atmosphere will save;

Thus we'll quare our little brother
When his lungs he tries to fill,
Put a meter on his wind-pipe
And present our little bill.

We will syndicate the starlight;
And monopolize the moon;
Claim a royalty on rest days,
A proprietary noon;

For right of way through coons' spray
We'll charge just what it's worth;
We'll drive our storks around the lakes—
In fact, we'll own the earth.

—Victoria Home Journal.

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Between You and Me.

A SARCASTIC letter writer, who had been confounded by his sweetheart not to "fale" to keep his tryst, replied that in his dictionary there was no such word as "fale"—which might or might not convey encouragement to the careful speller, though undoubtedly to the unorthographical maiden it was altogether satisfactory. I wonder if all of our dictionaries have the words they ought, and whether some of them don't contain a few that would be better left out. I heard a lady criticising a recent performance at the theater, and she said it was altogether too "suggestive;" an earnest young medico in commenting on the Empire gown remarked that he abhorred it because it was so "suggestive," and a young Miss resented an apparently innocent joke because she declared she could not bear those very "suggestive" speeches. Now, the play had merely suggested to me that people got into scrapes, and if they were smart enough, got out of them. The Empire gowns always suggest that the wearer cares more for style than shape, and the joke suggested merely a large laugh—but that one word, "suggestive," spoiled them all for me—and I put it at once out of my dictionary.

Putting aside all the cuss words, and vulgar words, and generally objectionable words, perhaps there are still some words which we could well spare. All the combinations of envious and jealous words, all the glib fault-finding ones, and the sneering ones, eh? And I scarcely think there is one of us who does not need a few words which were somehow inadvertently left out when our particular copy was edited. Lots of people are going poor to-day, because there is no such word as "no" in their dictionary. They can't write it nor say it. Lots more haven't a decent decided affirmative in their whole volume, not even a little "yes." With a good "no" and a bright decided "yes" to brace one up on either side, it would be well worth while to do without many a longer and more pretentious assemblage of letters. I think it would be a good idea to revise our dictionaries and see if some of them don't lack more useful words than "fale."

I was talking the other day with some bright people about women. "Are you a Woman Rights woman, Lady Gay?" said one mischievously. "Not the smallest mite of one," I assured him cheerfully. I've always had all the rights I wanted, and I think most women are in the same case. I don't want to vote, not until I have to; I'd just as soon spend the time in persuading the men to vote the way I want them to. There isn't any necessity in these happy days for any woman to suffer for the want of her rights, she can always have them. If I go to a woman's convention this summer and find myself in a Woman's Rights meeting I shall be scared to death. I shall be mute because if I say what I really feel I shall be despised as a poor-spirited Canadian who doesn't think enough of herself and her sex. I was a tomboy when I was little, and as I grew up and grew old the *bon camarade* between my boyfriends and myself has stayed by me. I am fond of women, but I can chum more successfully with men. So you see there isn't the smallest foundation for a Woman's Rights to build on. I feel small and wanting indeed, and I hope I shall get back from Chicago intact.

To-day has come to me the most delightful letter from Salt Lake City—a humorous, bright, girlish letter, with the queerest information about Mormon life and Mormon habits. I had to laugh at my pleasant correspondent's observations and the various items she noted down for my improvement. But it was no more than I should have looked for from a kindergarten, who is of all women the most wide-awake. I think the kindergarten is to blame for a number of the smart, sympathetic women of to-day. The care of a kindergarten class opens up that side of woman's nature which is most attractive and womanly. With it she learns patience (ever patience!), gentleness, sympathy, comprehension of life's little things, idealization—all the blessed lessons of motherhood—with an utter renunciation of self which in motherhood is plainly impossible, since the mother's treasure is her second self. In a kindergarten the teacher is more blessed than the children; at least such has been my experience.

A correspondent, who isn't more than half in earnest, objects to my mentioning Mr. Gay. She says he should be Lord Gay. Well, perhaps she thinks right! But it isn't the taste of to-day to have things in pairs, not even titles; and besides, "Lady Gay" was my name a score of years before I set eyes on his lord and mastership; so there, now!

I had an awful dream one night lately, a dream which was the offspring of a fit of bronchitis and an uneasy conscience, and was worthy of its parents. I saw in my dream a number of paper people, square of face, and each having a postage stamp over its left eye. Both eyes looked fixedly at me, but all those paper faces said never a word; they looked it all. There was a mignon face, framed in white, waving hair, with a merry look and an anxious look combined; and when those blue eyes caught mine, I began to stammer out my reasons for apparent neglect. Then, before I got quite through, that face faded, and another rose, flushed with fever, beautiful golden hair about it, and an earnest, questioning pair of eyes that gleamed and dilled as their owner's strength fitfully lit or left them. I tried to explain why they wronged me, but as I spoke they faded too, and a very angry and snappy pair flashed at me and fairly made me cower in my bed. I began an excuse, urged overwork, and was on the verge of a sea of apocryphal statements, when, with a wicked snap, they disappeared. Pair after pair, with each a postage stamp over the left one, blue Columbia stamps, pink Hungarian stamps, red Canadian stamps, green and yellow city stamps, mauve stamps from the dear shamrock land, and every eye underneath glaring, reproaching, questioning or smiling indugently

as the case might be. At last dreamland could contain no further misery, and I awoke with a gasp and a groan. There they were yet! Only fastened down firm in the letter clip, the unanswered letters of the past six weeks.

—LADY GAY.

The Beggar's Fortune.

Being the Story of a Beggar and a Dotard and showing that one should not impose Conditions on making his Will.

A

BY MACK.
N old man elegantly dressed and with a keen face, but a queer seeming old chap, too, one who might ask you any sort of an odd question and you would feel it a duty to humor him. He was one of those old fellows who might have been a big lawyer or doctor in his day, but had been out of practice for years, his mind given over to hobbies and all his hard sense gone for good. His head was like one of those fine old castles, long disused but still majestic to the outward view; within, debris and decay, cobwebs hanging about, and interesting echoes rising at every footfall, while in contrast to the average desolation of the place some once humble apartment is made glorious by the presence of a robust family of gypsies who have squatted there with none to say them nay. In the ruined castles of old men's minds, hobbies always come like gypsy squatters, and who shall say their illegal presence is not better than the utter desolation of emptiness?

A jaunty old man, dressed with some idea of color-blending, his clothes cut in good taste and his whole appearance suggesting money and comfort—not money that he had found the day before and plastered all over him for display, but money that had always been his, as natural to him as his aristocratic side-whiskers. A great ring on the little finger of one hand glittered in the sun; in his other hand he held a cane with which he nervously thumped the sidewalk and beat time to the words he addressed to the person opposite him.

The benevolent old gentleman was devoting his attention to an old beggar who sat on a box by the wayside. A meek and stupid fellow of forty years, with no feet and one crippled arm, and an empty but eloquent tin-cup in his one serviceable hand. The poor wretch was a pitiful sight, but the old gentleman did not seem deeply impressed. Instead, he was reprimanding the beggar in round terms.

"You worthless rascal," he spluttered, thumping his cane savagely. "What are you good for? When I was your age I didn't sit around begging. You ought to be arrested. The police should look after you, they really should. It's a downright shame, nothing short of it, 'pon my word! A big fellow like you—for you are a big fellow, if you had legs under you; you know you are, shame on you!—a big fellow like you to be sitting there begging, while here I am twice your age not begging at all! If you would get a couple of cork legs you could move about, and even without legs you could do office work—don't talk back to me, sir!" and the stick thumped the pavement threateningly.

This long and excited speech set the old man coughing, and the more he coughed the angrier he seemed to get. Before anyone could interfere the old fellow flew at the beggar as fiercely as his tottering strength would permit, and thumped him soundly about the head and shoulders with his cane. He was seized and disarmed in a trice by half a dozen pedestrians, while his victim, with terror in his eyes fell helplessly from his box to the ground. The sharp eyes of the old man read indignation in every face and he chuckled insanely. The popular disapproval pleased him, but specially pleased he seemed at the look of hate and fear in the beggar's face. He fairly cackled his delight.

"You hate me, don't you? You are giving me a beggar's curse, ain't you? This is fine; oh, this is really fine! Nobody could have worked it better."

A spectator had taken the dotard by the arm and was leading him away, but he could not walk for chuckles. He had not enough breath for both requirements and to stop chuckling was impossible.

"Do you think he hates me?" asked the old hobbler, motioning back with his stick. "Do you think he just fairly hates me?"

"He has good reason to," was the reply. "You shouldn't strike a poor fellow like that."

"Oh, but you don't know, you see; you don't know anything about it. Say, listen," and the dotard clutched his companion's arm confidentially and whispered, "I am his best friend. I know his name and where he lives and all about him, and I am his best friend. He'll find out soon. His name's Applecool, Tom Applecool; you keep track of that name and see if I'm not his best friend. But I want him to hate me—that'll make it all the better. You just wait until the time comes—and it won't be long, not long to wait now. Heigho! The blackguard has tired me right out!"

It may have occurred to the dotard's companion that "the blackguard" could scarcely be blamed for the feeling of exhaustion complained of, but he said nothing.

Pausing, tottering, ejaculating, the old man was led up to and helped upon a Yonge street car and on the wings of electricity fled from view. But that was not the last seen of him by any means. Every fine day he would be found, in the early afternoon, standing on the pavement facing the terrified beggar, frowning at him with threatening looks. The cripple could not get up and run, or run he would; and so he sat there in momentary dread of another assault, but the dotard never struck him again. Pedestrians who had witnessed the first affair, seeing the warlike old fellow gloating over his helpless victim, like some aged pugilist who had happily found a person whom he could thrash, spoke to the policeman on the beat and it became that officer's daily duty to assist the chuckling dotard along the street to his car. So methodical did the old fellow become at last that the policeman was always on the outlook for him and moved him along before he could get fairly settled down to his work. And the dotard

THE ROYAL CHILDREN OF EUROPE.



No. 35.—The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, and their family.

Instead of remonstrating at this infringement of his personal pleasure, chuckled the more.

CHAPTER II.

A year has gone by and the beggar sits where he sat when first we met him. But he is changed. His clothes are the same, his physical deformities and defacements have taken on no new phase; but he is changed. He is cleaner and more unhappy looking. He tries to hide his tin cup and avoid the eyes of passers-by. Leaning beside him is a great stout fellow, not badly dressed. The pair of them were seen in the same place for several days, and at last the policeman on the beat spoke to him about the old man who formerly terrorized him.

"No, 'e don't come hany more, 'e don't. Good reason, 'e's dead, 'o is," said the beggar. "'E left me hall 'is money and 'ouses and 'orses and hever'ing that, 'at's wot 'e did. 'E was a bloomin' lunatic, 'e was, and I don't care wot I says about 'im, for if 'e wasn't crazy why did 'e make such a will? 'Ere I've got to come hout hevery day in June and hevery day in October and sit 'ere a-beggin', just as though 'e didn't leave me hall 'is money. Wot do you think of that for a blawsted bit of lunaticky?" And Applecool wiped his face with a snow-white handkerchief. "Wot's the good of me a-sittin' hout 'ere, I'd like to know? Folks hain't a-goin' to give me nothin' hafter a-seelin' me a-drivin' about, hand I don't want nothin' from folks, anyways. But if I don't come hout and sit 'ere hevery day in June and hevery day in October, why then, I loses it hall and it goes to the 'ospital for cripples. For the gracious sake, did you hever 'ear of sich an hold hidjit? And them preachers and wimmen with spectacles is always a-pokin' round, and a-pokin' round, to see if I'm 'ere, so's if I hain't they can go and tell the 'ospital."

Such was the story told by Applecool to the policeman, with many groans and exclamations of indignation. The dotard had willed his money in the exact way outlined, and the beggar was riding a horseback with a vengeance. Mrs. Applecool had ceased peddling fruit and "going out scrubbing," and with the assistance of a young dressmaker was cutting large swaths on the way to a place in society. She took to his changed condition better than Tom, although the latter quit chewing tobacco, quit drinking water out of a dipper, asked for particular brands of whiskey and particular bottles of beer, in a way most encouraging to his trainer in etiquette, a retired barber and a most accomplished gentleman, who had moved in the best society in his time.

It was hard enough on Tom to dress as a beggar and sit on his box every day in June, but it was doubly hard in October. But these months were ones of unalloyed pleasure com-

pared with the second June, after a winter of stall feeding and many social successes. It was "mortifying" to Mrs. Applecool—a word quite unknown to the good woman in her old days, but understood in all its anguish now. A lawyer had been engaged to see if the hateful condition of the will could be broken through, but it was his very expensive opinion that unless the Applecools kept perfectly mum the will altogether would be set aside and they would get nothing. He further said that the Hospital people would no doubt have undertaken to dispose of them, but that they feared if the will got into court it would be altogether set aside, and the estate revert to the crown in default of heirs. So old Tom went through his penance, ageing twelve months every day, for now people paused and eyed him questioning, and ladies in carriages aimed longnettes at him until he could have cried. His valet, the barber—disguised out of consideration for his social connections—hovered near with a flask of whisky and kept Tom in as genial a glow as his grief of mind would permit.

But worry is very wearing and high class wine on a low-class constitution is very undermining—anyhow a man without legs has not collar room for unlimited quantities of liquors and foods such as gourmants use—and one day Mr. Applecool was smitten down. He died with great resignation and with bright hopes of clapping eyes on the dotard for half a minute so that he could ease his over-charged mind. He seemed to have a notion that his lack of legs would be no drawback in the hereafter and that it would be no use for the dotard to run away from him as he went swooping through the gates. Applecool died with a firm resolve in his mind to get even with one who had persecuted and abused him living and dead. Of course he was foolish, and died in an unbecomingly kind of mind, but his case shows how a great kindness with a string to it may often be regarded as a cruelty by the recipient.

At an Irish Funeral.

That it is hard to get information out of an Irishwoman, over a certain age, is well known. —I found it so when I approached a group of old women who were watching a funeral procession and enquired whose funeral it was. "Sure, sor, that's nobody's funeral," said she, "that's only a country funeral." What she meant was that it was only a funeral from the country, passing through town, but no one but an Irishman would have understood her. I didn't, and turned to another old woman and asked the same question. "Arrah, go long an' don't be botherin' me," this one answered. "Sure an' it's someone as never died before." Kilkenny, Ireland. H. A. B.

A Sign of Intelligence.



Chapple—Her dog is one of those blawated creatures that never lets go. She—How do you manage it now? Chapple—I send my man in ahead.

The Great Thinkers.

Shelly wrote Queen Mab at 18.
Luther wrote his 95 theses at 34.
Diasceli wrote Vivian Grey at 21.
Gray published his Essay at 34.
Mohammed began the Koran at 35.
Swift wrote the Tale of a Tub at 37.
Alexander Dumas wrote plays at 22.
Heine published his first songs at 23.
Poe wrote The Raven in his 36th year.
Owen Meredith published Lucile at 29.
Butler wrote Hudibras after he was 60.
Confucius began his religious works at 30.
Spenser published the Faerie Queene at 38.
Sir Thomas More finished his Utopia at 73.
Shakespeare wrote his first play at about 40.
Corneille wrote Melite, his first drama, at 21.
Lord Bacon wrote the Novum Organum at 41.
Sterne published the Tristram Shandy at 46.
Sheridan wrote The School for Scandal at 26.
Calvin published his Psychopannychia at 25.
Livy is said to have finished his Annals at 50.
Goldsmith finished The Deserted Village at 42.

It is said that Horace wrote his first odes at 23.

Josephus published his Wares of the Jews at 56.

Baxter wrote the Saint's Everlasting Rest at 34.

Tacitus finished the first part of his history at 50.

David is said to have written his first psalm at 18.

John Bunyan finished the Pilgrim's Progress at 50.

Larmartine's poems appeared when the poet was 30.

Bryant was 19 when made famous by nanatopsis.

Thackeray was 36 when Vanity Fair appeared.

Dante finished the Divina Commedia at about 51.

Homer is said to have composed the Iliad after 60.

Solomon is said to have collected the Proverbs at 50.

George Eliot was 39 when Adam Bede was printed.

Thomas a Kempis wrote the Imitation of Christ at 34.

Adam Smith published The Wealth of Nations at 55.

Robert Browning wrote The Ring and the Book at 57.

The Bucolics of Virgil were written between 43 and 47.

Samuel Johnson published London when he was 29.

Joseph Addison's first essays appeared when he was 29.

Hannah More wrote The Search After Happiness at 28.

The Pleasures of Hope appeared when Campbell was 22.

Voltaire's first tragedy came out when the author was 22.

Hugh Miller published The Testimony of the Rocks at 55.

According to Talmud, Daniel wrote his first prophecy at 50.

According to tradition Buddha began his revelations at 35.

Burns wrote songs in childhood, and published some at 16.

Lamb's first printed poems came out when the author was 22.

Jane Eyre was the work of Charlotte Bronte when she was 22.

Mill's Logic appeared at 37, his Principles of Political Economy at 42.

The early Christian writers say Paul wrote his first epistle at 46.

Bulwer-Lytton was 29 when he printed The Last Days of Pompeii.

Ariosto began the Orlando Furioso at 32 and finished it 10 years later.

John Locke finished the Essay on the Human Understanding at 58.

Cicero is thought to have written De Officiis after he had passed 40.

Hours of Idleness appeared when Byron was 18, his Child Harold at 23.

Buckle brought out the first volume of the History of Civilization at 36.

Carlyle published Sartor Resartus at 38, and the French Revolution at 42.

De Quincey published The Confessions of an English Opium Eater at 36.

Isaac Newton wrote the last of the Natural Philosophy when he was 45.

Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table at 43.

Little Poems, the first work of Thomas Moore, appeared when he was 23.

Chaucer is thought to have written the Canterbury Tales after he was 50.

When Victor Hugo was 20, he issued his first volume—a collection of poems.

Miss Sedgwick wrote her first novel, The New England Tale, at the age of 33.

Emanuel Swedenborg's Arcana Celestia was printed when the author was 61.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning produced An Essay on Mind and other poems at 18.

Immanuel Kant's Critique of Pure Reason appeared when the author was 57.

Xenophon is supposed to have finished the Retreat of the Ten Thousand about 50.

The first volume of the History of England appeared when David Hume was 43.

According to tradition, Moses wrote the book of Job at 70 and finished the Law at 120.

Macaulay was 47 when he began the brilliant fragment known as the History of England.

At the age of 41 Milton issued the Paradise Lost, which had been in preparation for 20 years.

The first volume of Indian tales from the pen of Cooper appeared when the author was 30.

Alexander Pope was 45 years old when he wrote the Immortal Essay on Man, and about 25 when he began translation of the Iliad.

Alexander the Great, the conqueror of the world, died when he was 32 years old. Maurice of Saxony, the greatest captain and statesman of his time, died at the same age. The Duke of Weimar, one of Adolphus' generals, died at 36, while Gustavus Adolphus died when he was 38. Pascal, the great French writer, and Raphael, the great Italian artist, both died at 37.

Dizzle—How long did that new play of yours run? Fizzle—Till it got in the next town.

Under the Great Seal

A NOVEL
By JOSEPH HATTON

Author of "Clitelle," "By Order of the Czar," "John Needham's Double," "Cruel London," Etc.

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CHAPTER IV. THE COUNTRY BEAUTY IN TOWN.

Elmira Webb had not over-estimated her personal attractions. Unsophisticated as she was in regard to London life, with no practice in coquetry, except upon such gallants as came in her way down in Norfolk, she had nevertheless pictured herself the leader in some such set of London belles and beaux as Harry Barkstead had described to her. She expressed no surprise at the London streets, the gay equipages, the liveried servants, the wonderful shops, the aristocratic bearing of the West End crowds. Anyone might have thought she had been accustomed to such sights and such society all her life. She shopped and discussed millinery with the most fashionable modistes and with perfect sang froid.

On her first night at the opera she created a sensation among the set in which young Barkstead was a *persona grata*. Harry was both proud and jealous of the admiration she excited. Elmira was apparently innocent of the fact that she divided with the prima donna the attention of a large proportion of the boxes.

The town was quite taken with the new beauty, so fresh, and young, and striking. Elmira surveyed the house with well acted indifference, but her heart beat fast and furiously with a sense of triumph. The old house at Calster and Zaccus, her father, were for the time being forgotten. She never once remembered David Keith. Harry Barkstead little thought what a handful of trouble he had undertaken in bringing the country beauty to London.

She received every visitor with a gracious ease and interested geniality that captivated both men and women. Her one object in life seemed to be to give pleasure to all who came within the range of her personal magnetism. Every man thought he had made a deep impression upon her; every woman confessed that the country girl was at any rate modest and unaffected. Lord Grennox was smitten to the very thing he called his heart. He was twice Barkstead's age and had ten times his wealth. He was a married man, but his wife was very complaisant, and "received" in a very miscellaneous way.

Lord Grennox visited Elmira's box twice during the evening, and insisted upon Barkstead bringing Mademoiselle to Beulah House, which Harry did on the very next day, not that he was anxious to do so, but Elmira would not let him rest until he had responded to his lordship's invitation. Lord Grennox was notorious for his amours. He was, nevertheless, a leader in the fashionable world, even a favorite at Court. Lady Grennox was one of the most charitable women of her time, foremost in every benevolent work. Grennox himself was popular at White's and Boodles, and he had been known to give a voluntary advantage to a bad loser when play ran high at Crookford's. On the whole, he was what men called a good fellow, and women, a very dangerous man, my dear; he knew as little about virtue and cared less than most men of his class in the fashionable world of his time, not that the age in which we live is over scrupulous in condoning social breaches of the moral laws that are supposed to govern society. As there was half a century ago, and before then, and as there will be no doubt in the centuries to come, there is a good deal of bowing to virtue and passing it by.

There were no half measures about the peccadilloes of Lord Grennox.

Before Elmira had been in town a month she had taken leave of Harry Barkstead and sailed away to those continental cities he had told her of, under the protection of Lord Grennox. Why should she consider Harry Barkstead? He had not married her, nor did he intend ever to do so. She had not bound her life to his in any way. He had no claim upon her. He had not honored her with his society for her pleasure, but for his own. Lord Grennox had consented to settle upon her such an income for life as would make her independent of both his lordship and Harry Barkstead.

Elmira had accepted his lordship's proposals, and had obtained proper legal assistance to ensure the deed of endowment being properly executed and with *bona fide* trustees. She was a woman of business and in a very short time had met other women of business in the town who had given her good advice, and men of business too, one of them having relations with Norfolk, and all of them possessed of the full knowledge of the immense wealth of Lord Grennox. She was a born adventuress, this Elmira of the east coast, a Pompadour, a Delorme, a Castelmaine; and she held her own when the young Queen Victoria was among the most delighted of the audiences at Covent Garden and Drury Lane.

Though dueling was beginning to decline even among army men as a mode of satisfying wounded honor, it was sufficiently the mode to justify Harry Barkstead in sending a friend full speed after Lord Grennox with the demand of an immediate meeting. Society and certain journals that reflected the worst phases of its life and character found the disappointment of Barkstead a matter for much gossip and amusement; and of course it was taken for granted that the young Norfolk gentleman would not sit down tamely under the injury which he had suffered at the hands of the gayest and cleverest Lothario of his time. Nor did Harry intend to do so; but meanwhile Fate had other business in store for the false friend who had matriculated for a reputation quite as scandalous as that of Lord Grennox.

Harry received a message from his father to go down immediately to Ormesby Hall on pain of disinheritance and other punishments. So while his ambassador of war sped on his way to France and Italy, Harry Barkstead took the coach to Yarmouth, a prey to the varied passions of pride, hate, unrequited love (he still called his passion for Elmira love) and fears of bankruptcy. He had of late not only far exceeded in his expenses the liberal allowance

of his father, but he had contracted financial responsibilities that he could not meet without a special grant, and his bills had begun to accumulate in hands the least reputable among money lenders. What he most feared, however, was Sir Anthony's anger over the affair of Elmira Webb. His father was rich enough to meet the financial claims that pressed upon him, and had rescued him from the accommodating Jews before; but he had a personal regard for the snacksman of Calster, and might bitterly resent the seduction of old Webb's daughter. Harry's forecast of the agenda paper of his sins which his father—Justice Barkstead, as the common people called him—had prepared against him was beside the mark.

CHAPTER V.

"SIR, YOU ARE A BLACK HEARTED SCOUNDREL." It was winter at Ormesby Hall when Harry Barkstead arrived. He had half a mind to call on Mrs. Longford-West before facing his father. A passing thought of the girl Jessie, however, detained him. He did not know what might have happened at the Lodge since his interview with Mrs. Cooper. He had a sneaking feeling of regard for Mrs. Longford-West, badly as he had treated her, and felt no doubt that when he had got through with his father he would be able to obtain the widow's forgiveness for his latest freak. He called it a freak now, his running off with David's sweetheart, counting in his reckless way the heart-break of Zaccus as nothing more than the misery he had brought upon David's friend. As for his father—well, Sir Anthony had been a young man once, and that must be his answer; at all events, he had not disgraced the name of Barkstead by marrying some loose woman, he had made no *mesalliance*, his name was still clear from social disgrace. He was seriously in debt, and had raised money at a ruinous interest, but every young fellow of means, pretensions and prospects had done that.

"I am glad you saw the propriety of an immediate response to my summons," said Sir Anthony on receiving Harry in the library at Ormesby Hall.

Sir Anthony spoke with his judicial manner. He looked upon his son for the time being as a culprit. Sir Anthony had dressed himself for the occasion. He wore his tightest brown coat, his most severe stock, and his bunch of seals rattled on his thigh as he stood before the blazing fire and contemplated his handsome but dissipated son.

They were in strong contrast, the two men. Harry was pale, his eyes sunken, his manner nervous. He had suffered mentally of late as well as physically.

His father was short in stature, thin, wiry, his complexion brown and a trifle ruddy, his hair iron-gray, his manner alert, though firm, and his resolutions, whatever they might be, fixed and settled.

Harry gave back to him his defiant gaze, but Sir Anthony's eye was the more steadfast of the two. He spoke in a hard, set way.

"Harry Barkstead," he said, "you are on the road to perdition; you have resisted every check that good advice and parental affection have offered to you."

"I am sorry, sir, to have so gravely offended you," said Harry.

"It is a hard thing to say but it is just as it is true. Your ill conduct shortened the days of your mother."

"Yes, that is a hard thing to say," Harry replied.

"But it is a harder thing to have justified it. You have since then made a convenience of my affection. You have used me. You have disregarded my views for you; you have made light of my opinions; you have looked upon me as you might upon some cheap money-lender; and when you could trace upon my weakness no longer without a trace, you have come down here and pretended a filial duty you have never felt and submitted to a companionship you have not cared for."

"My dear father, you wrong me. I am a bad lot, no doubt, but I have always had a deep and intense regard for you and a true respect and gratitude for your kindness."

"There was a time when words such as those would have weighed with me; they do so no longer. Words are all very well; but deeds, they are the test of affection, they are the tokens of filial love, deeds, my son, deeds! And what are your deeds? There are profligates and profligates, spendthrifts and spendthrifts. In your profligacy I find no redeeming feature; you are a common seducer and a liar!"

"Father!" exclaimed the son, pale with suppressed emotion.

"You have practiced your villainies with a systematic guile and with a vicious regard of every manly sentiment."

"By heaven, Sir Anthony, I cannot listen to such language, even from you," said Harry.

"But, by heaven, you shall listen," said Sir Anthony. "What sort of language did you use to entice Jessie Barnes from honor, peace and happiness? Or were you content with mere promise and flattery? I am told that these were not alone the artifices you used against the poor orphaned and sweet child, Sir, you are a black-hearted scoundrel. And by the heaven you have the audacity to appeal to, you shall make restitution."

While Harry winced at the strength of his father's invective, he felt a certain amount of relief in the fact that the storm was likely to break upon the unimportant head of Jessie Barnes. It was evident that his father had as yet heard nothing of the affair of Elmira Webb. Nor had he; for truth to tell, no one cared to mention it to him. Most people in Yarmouth and all about Calster knew of it. Mrs. Longford-West had heard of it, but Sir Anthony was perfectly ignorant of what had taken place. It was nobody's business in particular to tell him, and nobody had ventured to; even Zaccus Webb had held his peace;

to him the shock of his girl's base ingratitude had come with a dull thud that had left him more or less stupefied. He had gone about his work with a lack-lustre eye, had returned the good-days of his friends and acquaintances with a nod and a melancholy smile, but had said nothing, except to Mrs. Charley Dene, and to her only a few words which he repeated with little or no variation—"She'll come home, Mira will, but where's Master David Keith?"

"What restitution?" asked Harry.

"Jessie Barnes," went on Sir Anthony, without heeding him, "was the daughter of a soldier who died for his country in the first American war. Though only a private he came of a good family; his enlistment was a piece of folly, not vicious profligacy, and he left a widow and one child. The widow was your mother's care until the poor woman's death; the child was brought up by her aunt, Mrs. Cooper, at Ormesby, where I gave her a cottage. Two years ago Mrs. Cooper let her cottage and went to live at Filby Lodge, Jessie having grown into a pretty, gentle and lovable girl. Yesterday a child was born at the Lodge—you have done me the honor to make me a grandfather; you will add to that the further honor of giving me an honest woman for my daughter-in-law."

"I don't understand you," said Harry.

"You will marry this girl and settle down here as a gentleman."

"And be the laughing-stock of the whole county! Why, you might as well marry your own cook!"

"Had I behaved to my cook as you have to this girl I would marry her, sir. And you shall marry the mother of your child, or you are no longer a son of mine."

"My dear father," said Harry, "that sort of speech might do very well for an affiliation case at the Sessions, but it won't do for me."

"Won't it, indeed! And in what respect are you different from the men who come before me as a magistrate in affiliation cases? They are brutes of the field, ignorant, lustful, poor, uninformed wretches with no control of their passions, no sense of the proprieties of life. Your crime against this girl—coming of quite as honorable a family as your own, remember that—I say your crime is infinitely worse than theirs; but, fortunately, your position enables you to condone it, to bring light out of the darkness, to make honorable restitution; and we will set an example to these poor people; we will show them that we do not preach one thing and act another; we will—"

"Oh, look here, sir," exclaimed Harry, seeing at a glance the effect of this humble conclusion to his career, and having no feeling whatever for Jessie or her child, "look here, sir, this thing is impossible! I am ready to confess that my conduct has been wicked, and I am truly sorry that you have not a worthier son; but, marry the lodgekeeper's niece!—my dear sir, that is simply nonsense!"

"Indeed!" said Sir Anthony. "She is beneath your station, eh? If I consider her equal to mine I flatter myself that my record is an honorable one, and I might be forgiven if I felt proud of it. But yours! Why, you are not even honorable in your money affairs, let alone what you call 'affairs of the heart.'"

"Oh, curse it all, sir, I have heard enough. I am in no mood to be preached at as if I were a culprit about to be sentenced to be hanged. I know what I have done; I have said that I am sorry, and I am sorry, but I am not going to let my father in his dotage make a fool of me!"

"Oh, I am in my dotage, eh?" said Sir Anthony. "Because I chalk out an honorable course for you; because I am ready to forgive you on fair human conditions; because a poor girl is to be given the rank and position she has a right to at your hands; because I have the audacity to tell the son who, having broken his mother's heart, that he shall not drag his father's name in the gutter without protest, I am in my dotage! We shall see. Do you deny the charge made against you at Filby Lodge?"

"I deny nothing; I say I am sorry."

"Do you deny the paternity of Jessie Barnes's child?"

"No, and I say I am sorry."

"I will not remind you how you brought about the girl's ruin; it is a wicked story, and I repeat that there is only one way for you, and that is to make the restitution I desire, and which no honorable gentleman, at the intercession of his father, would resist."

"And I say that I will not do it," Harry exclaimed with angry defiance.

"And I say you shall," was the quick reply.

"And I say—"

"Don't dare to speak again," said Sir Anthony, stepping towards him.

"I will not be bullied, and I will not be bounced," said Harry, beginning to pace the room.

"I neither desire to bounce you nor bully you," said Sir Anthony, stepping back to his former position by the fire and standing stiffly.

"I will give you time to consider—say till tomorrow."

"I require no time to consider," said Harry. "If I have not my dead mother's tenderness, at least I have her pride, and, by heavens, I will not marry into the families of the Coopers and the Barneses."

"Then you leave this house, now and forever; I disown you. You are no longer my son. Go, sir!"

"Very well," said Harry, striding out of the room and leaving his father still standing firmly on the spot where he had delivered his uncompromising sentence.

CHAPTER VI.

A SURPRISE FOR HARTLEY'S ROW. Just about the time that Harry Barkstead was entering the library at Ormesby Hall to meet his father, the London coach drew up at the Posting House in Yarmouth.

The two most unexpected passengers were David Keith and his father. They were unexpected at Hartley's Row for the reason that news of the loss of the Morning Star had the day before reached Mr. Petherick, and he had conveyed the information to Miss Mumford, who had ever been in a state bordering on despair. Mr. Petherick had reason to believe that a boat might have been launched with men who had been since picked up, David with them.

Full of steam

It's the usual way on wash day—a big fire—a house full of steam—the heavy lifting—the hard work.



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used according to the directions on the wrapper does away with all this muss and confusion. The clothes are sweeter, whiter and cleaner than when washed the ordinary way.

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Mildred Hope, in the spirit of her name, undertook to cling hard and fast to that possible boat. She told Sally that something in her heart whispered faith in this belief. Mildred, by prayer and precept, did all she could to encourage David's best friend to think of the boy as still alive. But Sally remembered that she did not wish David to go; that he only went to get money for that strumpet Mira Webb; and so on; and nothing would comfort her; she knew her dear lad was gone, he was too good for this world, and so on.

It happened that the coach on this occasion had few passengers. Alan Keith and David alighted, the latter without being known. David was not expected, but he unwrapped himself and made himself known to the landlord and engaged a porter to see after his luggage. He did not stay to introduce his father, who was enveloped in furs and comforters, a long, tall, strange-looking person, with gray, straggling hair and bright eyes sunk deep in dark sockets.

"We will just have a little brandy, father, and then I will show you the way to Hartley's Row, while I run over to Calster and fetch Elmira; it would never do, you know, if I did not go there first."

"I suppose not," said Alan, following him into the great glass bar flashing with bottles, decanters, and plate, a blazing fire enveloping them in its genial glow.

"Two brandies hot," said David, "and have you a gig?"

"Oh, yes," said the landlord, who had followed them into the bar.

"Will you put a horse into it? I want to drive over to Calster."

By the time they had drunk their brandy the gig was at the door.

"Excuse me a minute," said David. "Come this way, father, and he took the old man's arm and led him by a back way to Hartley's Row. "You see the house in the corner?"

"Yes," said Alan.

"That's Sally's house; the one next is where Mildred Hope lives. Tell them I have gone to Calster to fetch Elmira. Sure you'll be all right?"

"Right!" said Alan. "Eh, lad, I'll be right enough, if I dinna scare Sally out o' her seven senses."

David watched Alan enter the dear familiar house in the corner of the Row, and then darted back to the inn and jumped into the gig, which he drove with a beating and a joyous heart to Calster.

The wind was blowing with a shrewd chill air across the dunes. Here and there lay the remains of a heavy snow that had for weeks been thick on the ground. The stunted and ragged reeds in the dikes shivered by the half-frozen water. But David felt his cheeks glow with warmth and delight. Everything was forgotten at the moment but the bliss in store for him. The happy days of his courtship seemed to pass before him in a sunny procession notwithstanding the wind and the shivering reeds, notwithstanding the gray of the ocean and the white patches of frozen snow. His shipwreck and even his escape, the meeting with his father, his auspicious hours in Venice—his only recollection any of them for the sake of telling his story to Elmira.

When he reached the cottage he tied his horse to the garden gate and pushed his way to the front door. It was unlatched and in he went.

"Hello!" he shouted. "Dear old Zacky, there you are!"

"Aye, there I be, that's so," said old Webb, who was sitting by the fire in the house-place, and doing nothing to all appearance but sitting there; he was not warming himself; he was not smoking.

"Are you glad to see me?" said David, a trifle damped. "Why, what's the matter? Where's your hand?"

"There he be, Master Keith. I knowd you'd come."

The snacksman took David's hand in a listless way and looked up at him with a pair of sad, melancholy eyes.

"What's wrong?" said David. "Where's Elmira?"

"She'll come, hum, mek no doubt."

"Come home! Why, where is she?"

"That's what I kep' a-sayin'." He reached out for David's hand. "I knowd you'd come. Sea do spare some on us; spared me all these years."

Then he resumed his former listless manner and looked into the fire.

David felt his heart sink as it had sunk when he knew that the Morning Star was about to founder. He looked round the room, and noticed that it had lost its former bright and cheerful appearance. The hearth had not been swept up. The windows were not shin-

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ing. The curtains were dragged. On the dresser was left the remains of the breakfast things. The flower pots on the window sill were dirty and the plants in them were withered.

"Zaccus," said David, almost in a whisper, "what has happened? Where is Elmira?"

"She might come hum to-day, and she might stop till Sunday—it be hard to say. I reckon we mun wait."

"Is there anybody else here but you?"

"We've had some winter and fishin' been mortal bad, but we mont complain; we've ole right agen when Mira comes home."

"My God!" exclaimed David, trembling with suspense and fear, "where is she? What has happened? Listen, Webb, wake up, what's the matter with you? Wake up!"

David slapped the old man on the shoulder. He might as well have struck a post. The snacksman turned and looked at David and smiled with such unutterable sadness that

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tears welled up into David's eyes and he staggered to a seat.

"Ah, it's a mortal grief," said Zaccheus, seeming to realize for the first time David's anxiety: "a mortal grief, better you'd dead."

"Ssh! What is the grief?" David asked, sobbing as he spoke. "Tell me Zaccheus, is she dead, Elмира, our Elмира? Oh, my God, I shall go mad!"

The old man watched the distracted lad go to the window and look out as if he were seeking for a grave. Then he returned to where the old man sat and dragged a seat by his side.

"Zaccheus, dear old fellow, something awful has occurred; what is it? Where is Elмира?"

The old man laid his hand upon David's arm and then suddenly rose up with a cry and tramped about the room in his great boots, making the place shake.

"Tell me," said David, following him, "tell me."

But Zaccheus simply sat down again and sighed, and laid his hand once more upon David's arm.

"Is there no one in the house?" David asked in a loud voice, and going to the staircase to repeat the question, when he heard someone moving above and his heart beat wildly, but it was only Charity Dene, who came down the stairs.

"Oh, Lord, good gracious me!" she exclaimed. "Well I never, and they said yesterday, in Yarmouth, you were drowned; well, well."

"What is the matter here?" David asked.

"With the master. This is his queer day; he's regular daff on Saturdays; it was a Saturday when he came home and found as she'd gone."

"Who'd gone?" asked David as well as he could with a dry tongue that clove to the roof of his mouth.

"Why, Elмира of course," said Charity Dene.

"Gone where?" asked David.

"Why gracious me, don't you know all about it? Shouldn't he have told everybody know'd by now?"

"But you see I have only just returned," said David, trembling as if he had been struck with palsy.

"Why, of course; what a fool I be for sure. She's been more'n a month, six weeks I desay; went off wif young Barkstead to London."

"Woman, what do you mean?" said David, staggering to the stairway and gripping the doorpost.

"What do I mean? Why, eloped I suppose; they took their luggage and went by coach."

"Married!" David asked, presently.

"Lor, not as I knows on," said Charity Dene, "but there, I must get mester his tea. Will you stay and ha' some wif him. It'd be a comfort to him, he is that lonely nobody takin' no notice on him, except Miss Mildred Hope as looks in once in a blue moon to sit wif him, and once or twice have tea. But you looks very white; ain't you well?"

"Not very," said David, pushing past her, and into the garden. "Let me think," he said. "Lord have mercy upon me."

He sat in the seat beneath the figure-head of the wrecked East Indianman, his hand upon his heart, as if to keep it in its place. For a minute or two he felt as if he were suffocating. Suddenly he rose up and walked out upon the dunes and down by the sea. After a while he felt better and returned to the house.

"Did she go of her own free will?" David asked, the woman answering him while she was cutting bread and butter, the tea things being already laid.

"Oh, yes."

"Did he visit her here for some time first?"

"Constant; he was alers a-hanging about after her."

"Did Zaccheus know?"

"Well, he were a-fishing most of the time, and when they went off together you see he'd been caught in gales, and 'ad to put into some-where or other, and was delayed, and young Squire Barkstead he were a bould wooer, that he were!"

"Oh, curse you!" exclaimed David.

"Well, I'm sure!" said Mrs. Dene. "Yo'd better mender yore manners, young man, I'm thinking."

She turned about to fling this remark at her questioner, but he was gone.

(To be Continued.)

All a Mistake.

Miss Frank Middleworth was all alone in her little district school-room when the eventful letter arrived, to notify her that she was appointed to a clerkship in the cancelling department of the Patent Office at Washington—all alone, eating her modest little lunch of bread and butter and baked pears, while, through the open window, she could see the children sporting themselves in the March winds and hear the music of their merry shouts. If school had been in session, she would decorously have read the letter and replaced it in its envelope.

As it was, she flung it rapturously to the ceiling with a cry of joy, caught it again and springing to her feet clapped her hands like a child.

"Oh, thank goodness—thank goodness!" she exclaimed ecstatically. "It will all be right now! Papa can go to the South right away. Will he have his school outfit, and we can pay Squire Augur all the back rent that has been owing for a year! Oh, it was so good of Judge Mellen to interest himself in my poor little affairs! I am so glad that I thought of writing to him!"

Miss Middleworth could hardly conduct the district school to the end of its afternoon session, so joyfully disquieted was her mind.

"Teacher's in love," said the biggest girl in a whisper to the next biggest girl.

"Indeed?" she uttered somewhat frigidly. Honest Reginald looked rather puzzled.

"My cousin, Mrs. Evelyn, wants a governess," said he. "The family is small, and she's willing to pay five hundred dollars a year. And you know you have always wanted to go to the city."

"Yes, I know," said Miss Middleworth, with chilling indifference. "But I have changed my mind."

Reginald Augur looked at her in amazement.

"Frank," he said, "have I offended you?"

"Oh, no," said she. "How should you offend me? But—I am appointed to an office in Washington. I am to have eleven hundred dollars a year."

"And leave us, Frank?" he exclaimed. She bit her lip.

"One cannot always stay in the same place like a crooked apple-tree or a limpet growing to the rock," said she.

"But, Frank, listen to me!" pleaded Mr. Augur. "I am to commence the practice of law on my own account next month. My father will receive me into equal partnership, and then—"

"I am very happy to hear it," said Miss Middleworth absently.

"And then," persisted Reginald, "I shall be able to marry. And if—"

"Yes!" Frank lifted her eyebrows, provokingly enough. "I hope you will get a very good wife. I am sure you will both have my best wishes."

Young Augur's frank, boyish face fell.

"I had hoped—" he began, a little awkwardly.

"Surely I cannot be at all interested in your hopes," interrupted Miss Middleworth. "Let me pass, please. I'm in a great hurry to-day."

Reginald Augur stood aside, with a sharp pang at his heart. He had loved Frank Middleworth ever since he could remember. He had always installed her as queen in all the visionary castles in the air which he had built within his own brain. And here she had abdicated of her own free will and flung his offering away.

Frank herself felt a little conscience-stricken as she walked hurriedly on. Reginald Augur had all the winning manners and sterling goodness of nature which would naturally commend themselves to any feminine heart. She had always liked him—nay, she had once almost believed that she loved him—but this new development had changed the whole aspect of her world.

"I am to be a government clerk," she said to herself. "I am to have eleven hundred dollars a year. I can send papa to Florida. Mamma shall have a girl to help her with the housework. Will I go to school, and I shall have a career open to me!"

So Frank went home, ordered a new bonnet from the village milliner—heretofore she had always trimmed her own hats—and purchased, on credit, a fur-trimmed cloak which had long been the object of her secret yearnings in the show-windows of Tape & Buckram. And after sending in her formal resignation to the school trustees, she went to Washington to enter upon her new duties.

"It's a long way for you to go unescorted, daughter," said the mild old clergyman.

"Oh, papa, things are quite changed since you were young," said Frank, with a kiss. "A woman can go anywhere now by herself. And only think: I am a government official now!"

Miss Middleworth arrived safely in Washington, registered her name in a quiet family hotel, and dressed in her one black silk gown, with the new hat and the fur-trimmed cloak, went to the Patent Office and sent in her card to Mr. Whitehaven, the chief clerk of the Cancelling Department, in whose name her appointment had been made out.

"Frank Middleworth" was written on the card in her bold, round handwriting. Mr. Whitehaven looked critically at its lines.

"It's an awfully busy time just now," said he, contracting his frost-white eyebrows.

"But I suppose we'll have to attend to this protégé of Mellen's. Ask him to step in."

The colored porter stared.

"There ain't no 'im 'there, sir," said he. "It's a 'er!"

"Don't be a fool!" said Mr. Whitehaven. "Do you see this card? Very well, admit him at once!"

And Mr. Whitehaven turned to a stout, bald-headed office-seeker who was in the last agonies of impatience to secure an audience.

The porter shrugged his shoulders.

"Orders is always to be obeyed," said he to himself.

And so Miss Middleworth was ushered in without further delay.

Mr. Whitehaven looked blankly at her for a moment, and then his expression changed to one of active annoyance.

"Madam," he said, "I am sorry to appear discourteous, but our time, during office hours, is not our own. If you are a book agent—"

Frank crimsoned all over.

"Oh," she said hurriedly, "I am not a book agent. I am the new clerk—Miss Middleworth."

"Yes," said Frank, a little impatiently. "I sent in my card a few minutes ago. And she pointed to the piece of pasteboard lying on the table."

"Ah!" said Mr. Whitehaven. "But this appointment was made out to a gentleman."

"It was made out to 'Frank Middleworth,'" said the young lady with spirit, "and I am Frank Middleworth."

"Humph!" said the chief clerk of the Cancelling Department. "Some mistake. There are no women employed in this department—no one but men."

"But," faltered Miss Middleworth, "I wrote to Judge Mellen. He has procured this appointment for me. He—"

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Whitehaven. "What did you sign yourself in your application to him?"

"Why, 'Frank Middleworth,' of course," answered the girl. "What else should I sign myself?"

The chief clerk shrugged his shoulders.

"Just look at that handwriting," said he, nodding towards the card. "How on earth is one to suppose that a woman wrote that? It's

the most natural mistake in the world. Has the judge ever seen you?"

"No," admitted Frank, "but he was an old college friend of my father, and—"

"Plain as daylight," said the chief clerk—"plain as daylight. He also took it for granted that you were a man."

"And am I to lose this opportunity in life because I happen to be a woman?" cried Frank. "Is this right? Is it just?"

"Very sorry, indeed," said the chief clerk, "but we can't do anything for you just at present. We employ so few women in the Patent Office, and none at all in this department. It's an unalterable rule."

"Is there no chance for me?" pleaded Frank.

"None at all," said the chief clerk.

And within five minutes the office in question was bestowed upon the nephew of the bald-headed man, who chanced to be a famous ward politician.

Miss Middleworth betook herself sorrowfully home again to the little New Hampshire village.

"I suppose they have found another teacher for the district school by this time," she thought. "What can I do to support myself—and to pay for this cloak and hat? Oh, I wish I had not been so foolishly extravagant! And I suppose Reginald Augur will never speak to me again. I'm sure I don't deserve that he should."

"Never mind, dear," said the good old superannuated clergyman. "My cough is a good deal better since you went away, and I believe I am as well off here as in Florida. And will can wait another year for his schooling, and mother can get along quite well with the housework as long as she has you to help her."

So Frank was, in some degree at least, comforted.

But the flush of acute mortification mounted into her cheek the next day as she met Mr. Reginald Augur in the street.

"Mr. Augur!" she murmured softly.

"I would prefer being called Reginald," he smiled.

"Your father is one of the school trustees," she began. "Do you suppose he could get me a place to teach again?"

"But I thought you were going to Washington!" he cried.

"I have been to Washington," said Frank. And she told the whole story, thereby drinking the bitter cup of her discomfiture to the very dregs.

"And now," she concluded, with eyes brimming over with tears, "I don't know what to do. Only—I must treat your pardon for my silly and foolish conduct the last time we met."

"Oh, I have never given that a second thought," said Augur. "But, Frank—will you let me go on now with what I had then begun to say?"

"Yes," said Miss Middleworth, hanging down her head.

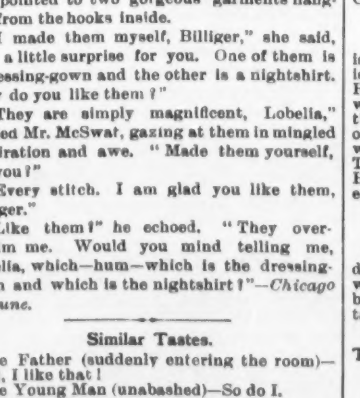
"Dear Frank," he said, taking her hand, "will you be my wife? I can give you a comfortable home now. Perhaps, by and by, it will be a luxurious one. And all your dear ones are fully welcome to its shelter if only you will accept it."

Frank began to cry heartily now.

"Not because I am sorry," said she. "Oh, no, no! Only because I am so happy. And indeed, Reginald, I do not deserve to be your wife."

But she married him, for all that. And she was very happy. But if there is any topic in particular that she especially avoids it is that of public office in Washington city.

"Such a stupid series of mistakes as there was all around!" she says.—Amy Randolph in *New York Ledger*.



Two Surprises

It was the morning of Mr. McSwat's birthday. As he came down to breakfast Mrs. McSwat lay laid him in the family sitting-room, led him to the door of a closet, opened it, and pointed to two gorgeous garments hanging from the hooks inside.

"I made them myself, Billiger," she said, "as a little surprise for you. One of them is a dressing-gown and the other is a nightshirt. How do you like them?"

"They are simply magnificent, Lobelia," replied Mr. McSwat, gazing at them in mingled admiration and awe. "Made them yourself, did you?"

"Every stitch. I am glad you like them, Billiger."

"Like them?" he echoed. "They overwhelm me. Would you mind telling me, Lobelia, which—hum—which is the dressing-gown and which is the nightshirt?"—Chicago Tribune.

Similar Tastes.

The Father (suddenly entering the room)—Well, I like that!

The Young Man (unabashed)—So do I.

Negative Relationship.

Miss Budd—Have you any sisters?

Jack Hoodoo—No; but I have the refusal of several.

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HENRY KIMPEL.

Let us reason together, ye sufferers from rheumatism. Are you anxious for a cure? Do you wish to banish agony and suffering? If you be honest and value life, read what Mr. Henry Kimpel of Listowel, Ont., says. Note well his testimony as endorsed by a prominent druggist.

"Thinking it but right that I should let others know what Paine's Celery Compound has done for me, I will endeavor to give you my experience with it. I am a farmer in the Township of Wallace, and three years ago I was terribly afflicted with chronic rheumatism. I became so bad that I was laid up for nearly two years. I went to my doctor in the early stages of my trouble, and he visited me when I could not get out of the house; but he never afforded me any relief. I tried almost every patent medicine but remained as bad as ever. I then heard of your Paine's Celery Compound, and was strongly advised to use it. I bought a bottle and commenced with it, and soon found that I had a medicine that gave me ease and relief from pain. I find that Paine's Celery Compound is doing for me what it promised; and that I will shortly be rid of all trouble. I consider it the most remarkable remedy of the day, and have recommended it to many of my friends who are now praising it highly. It has cured my son, who was a terrible dyspeptic. I cheerfully give you this letter to use as you see fit; and will also send my photo. Trusting that my testimony may benefit others, I am, dear sir,

Yours truly,

HENRY KIMPEL.

In regard to the above, Mr. John Livingstone, the popular druggist of Listowel, writes as follows:

"I have known Mr. Kimpel for a number of years. He had been doctoring for a long time, with but little benefit, until he used Paine's Celery Compound which cured him right away. He is loud in its praise."

JOHN LIVINGSTONE, JR.

Too Much.

Mrs. Kingley—Your new gown last night was a great success.

Mrs. Bingo (placidly)—Yes. Everybody seemed struck by it.

Bobbie Bingo—Papa said it floored him.

For Nervous Debility

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. H. T. Hunter, Kasson, Minn., says: "I have found it very beneficial in nervous debility, from any cause, and indigestion."

Poor Man!

Young Husband—Didn't I telegraph to you not to bring your mother with you?

Young Wife—That's what she wants to see you about. She read the despatch.

Have BECHAM'S PILLS ready in the household.

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"Well," said the insurance man, as he finished reading *Romeo and Juliet*, "that's another of those Preferred Mutual Accident Associations we hear about now."

They Do Not Despair.

An utter loss of hope is no characteristic of consumptives, though no other form of disease is so fatal, unless its progress is arrested by use of Scott's Emulsion, which is cod liver oil made as palatable as cream.

Well Fixed.

Morlarity—Pat, Pat! here comes the thraln. Move awn! awn! quick, fer yer loffe!

Hesgan—Now thin, Moike, kape cool. O'fe jast bin to town. O've got me ould horse insured, an' meself too, an' if yer ould cars kill me an' the baste O'll claim damages too. Oh, O'm well fixed.

New Facts About the Dakotas

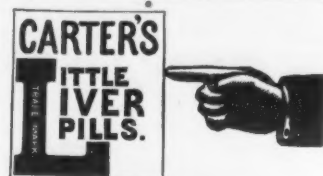
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Music.

MR. FREDERICK BOSCOVITZ'S farewell pianoforte recital prior to his departure for Chicago, attracted an audience of friends and admirers which nearly filled the beautiful little theater of the Normal School on Thursday evening of last week. Owing to a prolonged illness, which had affected Mr. Boscovitz's preparations for this recital, numerous changes were made in the printed programme. But one movement of the Italian Concerto was played and two of three Chopin nocturnes in E flat being substituted for the E-flat and Barcarole. The Saint Saens Etude was also omitted, in its stead Mr. Boscovitz playing that remarkable composition by Liszt (Noel), of which he is said to possess the manuscript. In this wonderful age, when any stray scraps from the pen of a departed *maestro* are brought to light for the benefit of those left behind, Mr. Boscovitz would be rendering the cause of music a service by authorizing the publication of this unknown "transcription." The erratic Liszt appeared in many lights as a composer in his brilliant career, but this unpublished work would still further reveal characteristics of which the musical world is as yet in ignorance. Mr. Boscovitz's playing throughout the evening was characterized by the same features which have made him a popular favorite in Toronto. His most satisfactory numbers, from an artistic standpoint, were undoubtedly the Chopin Mazurka and the charming Menuette of his own composition. In some of the other works Mr. Boscovitz betrayed a remarkable individuality which at times bordered on the eccentric. This was most pronounced in the Chopin Valse and the spinning song from the Flying Dutchman by Wagner-Liszt, in which startling dynamic contrasts and rhythmical excesses were rather freely indulged in. Notwithstanding this the programme gave much satisfaction to the audience, who were generous in their applause of Mr. Boscovitz's efforts. Vocal numbers were contributed by Misses Minnie Gaylord and Lilli Kleiser and Mr. A. L. E. Davies. Miss Gaylord sang At the Ball, a new song by Mr. Boscovitz, and Shiraz's Sogno, scoring a decided triumph in her rendering of the latter section, which was rapturously encored. Miss Kleiser sang with excellent effect White Shells, also a recent composition of Mr. Boscovitz's. This was heartily encored and graciously responded to. Miss Kleiser also sang Tosti's Could I, with much feeling. Another original composition by Mr. Boscovitz, A Sailor's Love, was given a rousing interpretation by Mr. A. L. E. Davies. This song should become a popular favorite, and its rendition by Mr. Davies proved one of the most interesting and enjoyable numbers of the evening. In response to an enthusiastic recall Mr. Davies sang another new song by Mr. Boscovitz, which was also warmly applauded. Several of these new songs, particularly White Shells and A Sailor's Love, should prove profitable ventures for their composer, whose departure for Chicago will be a source of deep regret to his many friends in Toronto.

A splendid new organ has been placed in St. Thomas' Episcopal church, Huron street, by Messrs. Warren & Son, the well known Toronto organ builders. The instrument was furnished at a cost of over \$5,000, and the specification contains several novel features which add much to the effect and durability of the organ. Mr. W. E. Fairclough, F. C. O., officiated as organist on the occasion of the opening recital on Wednesday evening of last week, playing with his usual skill a programme of music embracing the leading "schools" of organ music, which served as an admirable test of the solo and combined effects of the instrument. Messrs. Warren & Son have also recently furnished a Presbyterian church in Prescott with an organ of almost equal size, which is spoken of in highest terms of admiration by the press of that town.

There is considerable curiosity in musical circles concerning Grieg's new Peer Gynt suite, which was recently produced in Leipzig under the baton of the genial Scandinavian composer. The phenomenal success of the first suite of the same name, which has been so popular in all civilized countries, lends special interest to a prospective hearing of the later work. Miss Edith Burke of Toronto, who is now studying in Leipzig, writes me concerning the reception of this important composition at one of the Gewandhaus concerts in that city. She says: "Dear old Grieg was given such an ovation. As he reappeared on the platform the audience stamped and clapped, and shouted 'bravo,' until one would expect the roof to fall in with a rousing fanfare—it was really inspiring." Miss Burke's enthusiastic description of the musical events of the past season in Leipzig indicates that the good old town still holds its own. What with the regular performances at the Grand Opera, the usual visits of the greatest solo artists, the Gewandhaus, Liszt Verein, and Kresschmar concerts, not to mention the innumerable events of smaller importance, the musical atmosphere of such a center offers in itself inestimable benefit to seekers after inspiration in the "divine art."

Our talented young townsman, Mr. H. M. Field, has been honored with an official invitation from Mr. Thomas and the members of the Music Bureau of the World's Fair to give a pianoforte recital at the Exposition during July or August. This is a compliment which Mr. Field has earned on his merits. Should he accept he is certain to do himself and his native country credit.

Mr. Field's second pianoforte recital for this season will be held in Association Hall on Wednesday evening, May 3. An excellent programme has been arranged, including three numbers not previously performed in Toronto. These are the Beethoven Variations in F, op. 34, Henselt's Etude in D flat, op. 2 and Chopin's Scherzo in E, op. 54. Mr. Field will be assisted by Mrs. Caldwell, soprano, Mrs. D. E. Cameron, contralto, and J. Churchill Arlidge, flutist. The net proceeds will be devoted to the Infants' Home and Infirmary.

A very successful concert was given in the McCaul street Methodist church on Thursday evening, April 13, by the Toronto Vocal Club under the baton of Mr. W. J. McNally, assisted by Miss Laura MacGillivray, elocutionist. The Toronto Vocal Club is the outgrowth of the loyalty of a number of members of Mr. McNally's old choir at Trinity Methodist church, which position he resigned some time ago to take charge of the music at the Beverley street Baptist church. The work of the club on this occasion was most creditable to conductor and chorus alike, and the generous reception accorded them was a fitting acknowledgment of the merits of their musical performance and of the laudable sentiment which has kept the members together under their old leader.

On Monday evening last a pianoforte recital was given in the Music Hall of the Conservatory of Music by Miss Ethelred G. Thomas, A. T. C. M., one of Mr. Fisher's most talented pupils. Miss Thomas played an exacting and interesting programme, embracing solo compositions by Greg, Sterndale Bennett, Chopin, Maas and Hanselt. The Saint Saens transcription of Beethoven's Taeme and Variations for two pianos was also rendered, Miss Maud Gordon, A. T. C. M., playing the second piano part. Ressler's Trio Op. 25, for piano, violin and cello, with Miss Lena M. Hayes, A. T. C. M., as violinist, and Miss Lillian Littlehales, cellist, was presented with excellent effect, as indeed was all the ensemble work. In her solo numbers Miss Thomas gave evidence of good technical development, intelligent comprehension and faithful study. The recital was especially interesting as an example of Miss Thomas' versatility and general culture. In the capacity of a vocalist she rendered two songs, by Lassen and Schubert respectively, and as a performer on the viola ably took her part in a Haydn string quartette. Several vocal solos were beautifully rendered by Miss Edith J. Miller, A. T. C. M., and the pleasure of the evening was much enhanced thereby.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp gave a most successful pianoforte recital in Cobourg on Friday evening of last week, being assisted by Mrs. Scrimger-Massie, the popular soprano soloist of the Carlton street Methodist church. The large audience which assembled in the Opera House of that town on this occasion were generous in their expressions of approval and of the delight afforded them by the visiting artists.

A magnificent programme of orchestral music is that to be rendered by the Damosch Orchestra in its portion of the Vocal Society's concert on Thursday evening next. The success of a concert depends largely upon the programme maker—this being an art in itself—and it certainly appears as if Mr. Damosch has found the philosopher's stone in this respect, for a more delightfully contrasted series of compositions it would be hard to imagine than those to be rendered next week in conjunction with the usual excellent work of the Vocal Society.

At last we are to hear Nikisch and his famous orchestra in Toronto! Truly we have had a feast of good things in orchestral music during the past twelve months, beginning with the first appearance of the New York Symphony Orchestra last May. And the greatest of these is the genial Nikisch and his matchless band, who perform in the Grand Opera House on Tuesday evening, May 2nd.

The Northern Congregational Quartette Choir gave a very successful concert on Friday, April 14. The quartette consists of Miss Pridham, Miss Heavin, Mr. Huestis and Mr. Winters, and they were assisted by Miss Pauline Johnson, the Indian poetess, Miss Edith Miller and Mr. W. E. Rindie.

Mr. F. H. Torrington has been officially invited to give one or more organ recitals on the grand organ now being placed in the Exposition Hall, Chicago, by Messrs. Farrand and Votey of Detroit. This invitation, as in Mr. Field's case, was extended by Mr. Thomas and the members of the Music Bureau of the World's Fair.

Listowel

Mr. and Mrs. L. Bolton entertained a large number of their friends at their residence on Inkerman street on the evening of March 28.

Miss Bridgland of Toronto, after passing a few weeks in town at her sister's, Mrs. Darling, returned home on Saturday.

Miss Scott, who has been visiting in Toronto, returned home last week.

Mr. Ward of the Bank of Hamilton spent Easter in Guelph.

Mrs. Draper of Mill street gave a very pleasant At Home on Tuesday evening. Among those present were: Dr. and Mrs. Parke, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hacking, Mr. and Mrs. Taberner, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. E. Brook, Dr. and Mrs. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Farquharson of Kincardine, Mrs. McGie, Mrs. Grant, Miss G. Hay, Miss Bolton, Mr. Martin, and Messrs. Clarke, Haines and Blewett.

Mrs. Draper and the Misses Draper entertained a large number of young people of the town at their family residence on Mill street on Thursday evening of last week, there being about fifty guests present.

Miss Clayton and her friend Miss Clark of St. Mary's spent Easter in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Farquharson of Kincardine, after visiting Listowel and vicinity during the vacation, returned home on Sunday.

A very pleasant and enjoyable At Home was given by Mrs. Clayton of Elma street on Friday evening of last week. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hacking, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Collins, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Taberner, Mr. and Mrs. Farquharson of Kincardine, the Misses Draper, Miss Clark and Miss Clayton of St. Mary's, Miss Sill, Mrs. M. Bicker, Miss Bolton, and Mr. and Mrs. E. Crook, and Messrs. Clarke, Blewett, Haines, Ward, N. Hay, Selwood and J. Draper.

Mrs. W. Thompson entertained a number of her friends at her residence on Dodd street on Tuesday evening of last week.

Mrs. H. Collins of Toronto, recently returned

from Germany, is the guest of Mrs. A. J. Collins of Bismarck street.

Mrs. A. J. Collins of Bismarck street gave a most enjoyable whist party on Tuesday evening of last week. Whist was indulged in during the early part of the evening and afterwards dancing. Among those present were: Mayor and Mrs. Bricker, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hacking, Mr. and Mrs. R. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Taberner, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hay, Mrs. H. Collins of Toronto, the Misses Draper, Miss Bolton, Miss Martin, Miss G. Hay, and Messrs. Carke, J. Draper, Blewett and Haines.

Miss Jessie Climie, B. A., of the Windsor High School, spent the Easter vacation in town.

Mrs. Maghy of Wallace street entertained a large number of friends on Thursday evening of last week. The evening was pleasantly spent with whist and dancing. The following, among others, were present: Mayor and Mrs. Bicker, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Collins, Mrs. H. Collins of Toronto, the Misses Draper, Miss Barber, Miss Brook, Miss Martin, Miss Dick, Miss Field, Miss Sutherland, Miss G. Hay, Miss Marshall, Miss Campbell, and Messrs. Clarke, Dr. Rutherford, Climie, Blewett, N. Hay, Ward, Field, Treleven, Sutherland, and J. Draper.

Mr. Bastedo of Toronto has been appointed teller of the Bank of Hamilton in place of Mr. Patterson, who goes to Hamilton.

Simcoe

Mrs. Joseph Burk gave a most delightful dance at her residence, Elmhurst, on Saturday evening in honor of her guests, Messrs. Campbell and Ryckman of Toronto. Among the many I especially admired the gray and silver gown worn by Mrs. J. C. Boyd. Mrs. Hal. B. Danoly wore a most dainty blue gown and Miss A. Stunnett looked remarkably well in black. Others present were: Mrs. W. McCall, Misses Stunnett, Bowly, Wilson, Taylor, and Gordon; Messrs. W. T. Wallace, F. E. Carle, Dr. Grasset, R. Bowly, and A. Shand.

The ladies who were so fortunate as to win the prizes for their daily half-hour readings in connection with the Literary Club were: Mrs. J. L. Campbell, Miss Burk, and Mrs. J. C. Boyd. The weekly meetings of the club closed last week for the summer, the last paper being a most delightful one upon Tennyson.

D. Roff of Tisdale leaves for Wyoming this week.

Mrs. Archie Campbell, Miss Skae and Mr. Duncan Campbell of Toronto have been spending a few days at Lynwood.

Mrs. and Miss Sadler of Hamilton spent Easter with Mrs. Cowdry.

Miss Pauline King of St. Thomas, who was the guest of Mrs. Walter C. McCall, returned home last Monday.

Miss Skymer has been spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. H. H. Groff.

Mrs. Laycock and daughter of St. Thomas were with Mrs. (Dr.) Hayes for a few days.

Mr. Ryckman and Mr. Campbell of Toronto are the guests of Mr. H. B. Dunly.

Mr. Carnochan of Helena, Montana, is with his aunt, Mrs. William Taylor.

Ex-Mayor J. Lorne Campbell was presented with three handsome pieces of bronzes and silver by his friends on Thursday evening of last week, before leaving for Toronto, where he intends residing in future.

On Tuesday, April 4, Mrs. William Taylor gave a charming dance to about sixty young people, this being the first dance after Lent, which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone present.

Mrs. W. P. Inner gave an afternoon tea for her daughter, Miss Innes (who was home for Easter), and her friend Miss Tweed. Miss Innes was charmingly gowned in yellow cloth and lace; Miss J. Livingstone in heliotrope cloth; Miss Tweed in a dainty white; Miss Pauline King in an exquisite costume of fawn cord flecked with silk; Miss McCall wore a very pretty gray with red surah trimming.

On Friday evening, April 7, Mrs. Walter C. McCall gave a very pleasant dance for her guest, Miss King.

Mrs. Z. Landon gave a very enjoyable progressive euchre party on Friday night of last week for her daughter, Mrs. O. J. Laycock of Buffalo. There were ten tables in play and the prizes were won by Mr. and Mrs. Crosbie and Mrs. King and Mr. W. C. McCall.

On Saturday evening Miss Brook of Elmhurst gave a dance in honor of Messrs. Ryckman and Campbell of Toronto. Dancing was kept up until eleven, when the delectable refreshments were served.

Barrie

Miss S. Rainer gave a progressive euchre party on Wednesday evening of last week. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Unwin, Miss K. McCarthy, Miss E. Spry, Miss N. Baker, Miss B. Stewart, Miss M. Cotter, Mr. P. and Miss Kortright, Miss B. Holmes, Miss Nelles, Miss M. Watson, Mr. T. R. and Miss M. Boys, Mr. F. and Miss E. Hornsby, Miss M. W. W. Cotter, Mr. E. A. Crease, Mr. C. G. K. Nourse, Mr. H. Giles, Mr. W. A. Boys. The first prizes fell to the lot of Miss N. Baker and Mr. W. A. Boys, while the booby prizes were won by Miss E. Spry and Mr. H. Giles.

Miss Nelles of St. Catharines is visiting her sister, Mrs. Unwin.

Mr. C. C. Crease and Mr. D. B. Spry have returned from Philadelphia.

As mentioned last Saturday, the Bachelors of Barrie gave another of their delightful balls on April 14. King's Music Hall, in which the affair was given, was comfortably filled by the large crowd of happy and pleased people. The raised portion of the main floor, under the middle gallery, was utilized as a reception-room for the lady patronesses, and on either side the committee had curtained off small ante-rooms for such as were tired of dancing. Flags, curtains and palms were the decorations used, and a prettier scene could hardly be imagined. Corlett's Orchestra, stationed on the stage, gave forth such music as made one wish to dance in spite of oneself, and the satisfaction it gave was testified by the frequent applause throughout the evening. The fact that there were no early departures, everyone staying till the last of the music, was a sure sign of the great success of the ball. The supper, like all the suppers supplied by the ladies of the town, was all that could be de-

sired. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Richard Brown of Toronto, Dr. Bolster of Dunroon, Mr. W. H. Bennett, M.P., of Midland, Mr. F. Burton of Millbrook, Miss Bolster of Orlilla, Mr. W. P. Chapman of Hamilton, Miss Cooper of Shanty Bay, Dr. Elliot of Creemore, Mr. Bernard Greenwood of Newmarket, Miss F. Hewson of Painswick, Miss N. Hewson of Dunroon, Mr. Claude Holt of New Westminster, B.C., Mr. C. A. Kinneer of Collingwood, Miss Helen Murphy of Painswick, Mr. D. McCarthy of Orangeville, Miss E. Nichol of Cookstown, Mr. P. Patton of New Lowell, Mr. Roy Perry of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Sanders of Sayner, Miss Watson of Hamilton, Dr. H. T. Arnall, Miss M. Ainley, Mr. J. C. Ardagh, Mr. W. A. Boys, Mr. T. Baker, Miss N. Baker, Miss Cameron, Mrs. J. H. Campbell, Mr. A. E. H. Creswick, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Cotter, Miss M. Cotter, Mr. W. M. Cotter, Miss A. Clark, Mr. C. H. Clark, Jr., Mrs. and Miss Crawford, Mr. H. E. Choppin, Mr. E. A. Crease, Mrs. Dickinson, Mr. G. H. Esten, Mrs. Esten, Mrs. Ferguson, Miss Ferguson, Mr. R. E. Fletcher, Miss L. Fletcher, Mr. Harold Giles, Mrs. Garden, Mr. C. E. Hewson, Mrs. Hewson, Mr. F. Hornsby, Miss E. Hornsby, Mr. H. Holgate, Mrs. Holgate, Miss E. Harper, Mr. F. Hewson, Miss V. Hudson, Mrs. C. Holmes, Miss B. Holmes, Messrs. P. and R. Kortright, Mr. and Mrs. A. Low, Miss G. Little, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Morris, Mr. V. Meeking, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McKeggie, Miss K. McCarthy, Mr. D. H. McLaren, Dr. W. D. McLaren, Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey McCarthy, Mr. J. B. McPhee, Mr. D. L. McCarthy, Miss M. MacMillan, Mr. F. Norman, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Rogers, Dr. W. A. Boys, Miss S. Reiner, Mr. and Mrs. George Rukes, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Sanders, Miss M. Sanders, Messrs. A. and W. Sanders, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Sanford, Miss M. Stevenson, Miss B. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. D. Spry, Misses M. and E. Spry, Mr. W. Spry, Mrs. Shrieber, Mr. D. A. Shaw, Mrs. Shaw, Mr. E. M. Saunders, Miss N. Thompson, Mr. Unwin, Mrs. Vanellart, Miss M. Woods, Mr. A. Woods, Mr. W. W. Wilkinson, Captain Whish, R. N., Mr. C. Way, Miss M. Way, Mr. E. Williams, and Mrs. S. M. Wells.

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Portraits in Oil and Water Color.
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J. W. L. FORSTER
Portraits a Specialty
STUDIO 81 KING ST. EAST **ARTIST**

On the Love of One's Country.

One of the reception-rooms in the residence of a prominent citizen I was visiting recently, was hung entirely with pictures portraying Canadian life and scenery, embracing the whole of the country we call British North America, from Victoria, B.C., to St. John's, Newfoundland, and a more interesting collection I can scarcely conceive, particularly so to a native of this country. The thought struck me that if only we could combine such a collection with the Canadian Pacific Railway's exhibit, Canada would indeed be shown to advantage, and the grossly ignorant ideas about this country which still prevail in some quarters would be dispelled.

Quite a number of the scenes I had actually beheld in nature, and very true representations they were, but those brought back the more forcibly to my mind dealt with the Rocky Mountain district.

For majestic grandeur the scenery of this district is superb, and whether seen in actuality or as shown on the canvas, makes the beholder marvel at the idea of persons traveling to Europe, there, in most cases, to tramp over beaten tracks, scarcely ever deviating from a certain groove, while almost at their very door they have scenery unsurpassed.

Two companion pictures of the Fraser and Albert Canon I greatly admired, the former as seen by moonlight with the river Fraser dashing on its headlong course, regardless of any obstacle which presents itself, between two tremendous precipices, making me almost shudder at the wild nature of the subject, but being reminded that such fears are groundless on catching a glimpse of the C. P. R. train just emerging from a tunnel half way up the precipice.

Other pictures coming in for more than a passing glance were the Great Glacier, The Three Sisters, of Canmore, Lake Louise, all grouped together and transporting the on-looker from the bustling Queen City to the regions of fairyland.

I picked up a portfolio containing a series of views showing Indian life on the prairies, something quite new and rather cute, I thought.

Views of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers, Pastoral scenes of Ontario, and the ever green Niagara Falls as seen from the Canadian side, were there, while the Maritime Provinces also contributed to the general display of the beauties of Canada. Verily Canada is a lovely country!

My friend, an earnest believer in the future of his country, having traveled it well, had been at considerable trouble in making his collection, but had received considerable aid from the Canadian Pacific Railway, who have published a number of views along their transcontinental line at a merely nominal cost, and, knowing my calling, he wished me to thank them for placing such mementoes of his travels in his power of purchase, thereby recalling many a happy hour spent amongst the wilds of the Rockies, "far from the madding crowd."

Price of Gas Reduced.

By advertisement elsewhere it will be seen that the Consumers' Gas Company has reduced the price of gas from April 1 as follows: To consumers of 200,000 cubic feet and under per annum, from \$1.12 to \$1.05 per 1,000 cubic feet. To consumers of over 200,000 and up to 500,000 cubic feet per annum, from \$1.05 to \$1 per 1,000 cubic feet. To consumers of over 500,000 cubic feet per annum, from \$1 to 90 cents per 1,000 cubic feet. For gas stoves, grates and engines, supplied by separate meters, from \$1 to 90 cents per 1,000 cubic feet. The extra discount to consumers of over 200,000 cubic feet per annum will, as usual, be allowed at the end of each year, on September 30. The directors claim that, with trifling exceptions, these are cheaper rates than any other gas company in America, and also that the illuminating power of the gas supplied from a five-foot burner now averages over 21 candles as compared with 17½ candles when the last reduction in price was made.

Brantford.

The Philharmonic Society, under the direction of Professor Rogers, organist of Grace church, will give The Rose Maiden in the Congregational church on Thursday evening, April 27. This promises to be a great success, as there is a chorus of over two hundred voices. The Carlers will give their annual dinner in the Liberal's hall on Tuesday evening. Great convenience is derived from our new

electric cars, but unless the company lower the step about eight or ten inches the ladies of Brantford will be forced to introduce the crinoline at once, or else send in a contract for step-ladders.

Mrs. R. J. Smith, Brantford's favorite soprano, will sing in Hamilton next Sabbath.

Mr. G. Douglas Watt of the Bank of British North America has left for Buffalo to spend his vacation.

Rev. J. H. Fairlie of Clinton was home last week for a short holiday.

Mr. George Weir has entered the Bank of British North America.

Mr. McWhinney of Stratford was in the city this week.

Miss Laura Danlop spent vacation in Stratford.

Miss Curtis leaves in a few days for the coast.

SAILOR.

SOCIETY AND FASHION PAPERS

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HARPER'S BAZAR,

THE LADY, English.

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PAVILION, APRIL 28

JESSIE ALEXANDER

IN A PROGRAMME OF

Dramatic and Humorous

RECITALS

ASSISTED BY

MR. GEO. FOX, Violinist.

Plan opens at Northumberland Monday next at 9:30 a.m.

KLEISER'S STAR COURSE

CLOSING NUMBER

Pavilion Music Hall

THURSDAY, MAY 4

Leland T. Powers

IN

DAVID GARRICK

ASSISTED BY THE

BAND OF THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES

Under the direction of Mr. JOHN BAYLEY.

Plan will open at Northumberland's next Thursday morning,

April 27, at 9:30. Prices, \$1, 75c, 50c and 25c.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.

THE AFRICAN

NATIVE CHOIR

Association Hall, May 4, 5, 6

Saturday, May 6, Matinee for School Children

RESERVED SEATS, 50 and 75 CENTS

Subscribers' list at Messrs. Snelling & Sons' Music Warehouse for a limited number of specially reserved seats at 25c. extra.

TORONTO VOCAL CONCERT

SECOND CONCERT

Thursday, April 27, at the Pavilion

New York Symphony Orchestra

WALTER DAMROSCH, Conductor.

MISS LILLIAN BLANVELL, Soprano; MISS EVELYN DELATRE STREET, Solo Violinist.

J. N. SUTHERLAND, Sec.-Treas.

THE

Ontario Society of Artists'

21st Annual Exhibition

Will be opened to the public on

Tuesday, April 25, 1893.

At the close of the Exhibition the patrons of the society will be given an opportunity of obtaining the latest and best works of the artists at their own prices. On the evening of May 10 the collection will be sold by auction in the gallery of the society, King street west, these sales being customary in other art societies in the great art centers of the world.

MISS MILLS, Dressmaking Parlors,

Danforth Bank Building,

Corner College Street and Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

Christy

Knives

BREAD-CAKE-PARING.

One Dollar per Set. Free by Mail.

Christy Knife Company,

30 Wellington St. E., TORONTO.

AGENTS WANTED.

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168 Yonge Street, Toronto

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168 Yonge Street, Toronto

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KENT BROS.

168 Yonge Street, Toronto

TRADE MARK

KENT BROS.

JACOBS & SPARROW'S OPERA HOUSE

JULE WALTERS

IN

Side Tracked

Week of Monday, April 24

Next Attraction - MUGG'S LANDING

Ladies -

DO YOU KNOW

R. WOLFE

The German

Mantle

Manufacturer?

If you want the latest styles in Spring Wraps of any description or any elegant costumes at moderate prices - call and see the favorite ladies' tailor at 117 Yonge St., east side, between Adelaide and the Arcade. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Extra sizes a specialty; no extra charge. A large stock of the latest novelties in Wraps, Capes or Jackets constantly on hand.

For the Ball Room...

For this and all other state occasions occurring in the evening a full dress suit is indispensable. To the casual observer there are few perceptible variations in the conventional evening dress of the period, but to the man of taste and style the gradations of change from year to year are plainly discernible. For the past two or three seasons, it may be noted, a radical change has been made in the style and material used in the making up of dress suits.

Broadcloth and doe skin have absolutely disappeared, and the rich, hard woven diagonals have given place to the rough finished Cheviot and Venetian finished worsteds that have been the universal rage in London and New York.

The present mode of the make up requires that the lapels of the coat should be faced with heavy black gros grain silk, but tailors who consider fine points of fit line the body of the coat with satin de chine, as the satin fits closer and firmer and the coat slips on easier.

Such are the styles as furnished by

Henry A. Taylor

No. 1 Rossin House Block

USE

Royal Irish Linen

For polite correspondence. In boxes. Paper and Envelopes to match, at \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

Pure Flax Linen

For ordinary writing. In boxes at 60 cents.

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For every day use. In boxes at 35 cents.

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April, May, June and July Tours in Europe.

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AGENTS WANTED.

Event

KENT BROTHERS

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS

The whole of their immense and valuable stock to be sold at a reduction of from 25 to 50 per cent.

Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Clocks, Bronzes, &c., selling at unheard of prices. Intending purchasers will do well to pay a visit before buying.

SIGN OF THE INDIAN CLOCK

168 Yonge Street, Toronto

Grand Opera House

O. B. SHEPPARD - MANAGER

Week Beginning Monday, April 24

ANNUAL ENGAGEMENT OF

MISS MARLOWE

Assisted by a Company, including MR. TABER

A REPERTORY OF SIX PLAYS

MONDAY EVENING TWELFTH NIGHT

TUESDAY EVENING ROMEO AND JULIET

WEDNESDAY EVENING MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

THURSDAY EVENING INGOMAR

FRIDAY EVENING AS YOU LIKE IT

SATURDAY AFTERNOON ROMEO AND JULIET

SALE OF SEATS NOW IN PROGRESS

THE WORLD'S FAIR

CHICAGO

SPECIAL TO CANADIANS

The Canadian Headquarters Club, situated in the Marquette Hotel, corner Adams and Dearborn Streets, opposite the Post Office, Chicago, will be opened on May 1. It will afford to its members all the accommodation and advantages of a first-class club. It will protect them against overcharge and imposition. It will supply all information to travellers and will assist its patrons to secure accommodation in hotels and boarding houses at greatly reduced rates. This guarantee, as contracts have been made with several of the leading hotels. From the large membership already secured, this club will undoubtedly be the great meeting place of Canadians in Chicago. The Canadian and Scottish Leagues, of Chicago, comprising the leading Canadians of that city, are working in conjunction with the club. Membership fee for the entire season has been placed at the low figure of \$5. Full information can be obtained by communicating with the Secretary of the Club, Mail Building, Toronto.

YOU HAVE A BARE SPOT

In your garden or back yard which will be a beauty spot if you plant seeds of the "SIMMERS' COLLECTION OF SWEET PEAS—THE COMING FLOWERS. They will bloom all summer as fast as you pick. A packet of seeds of each of the following varieties

FOR 25 CENTS

(Post paid to any address.)

DUCHESSE OF EDINBURGH—Sweet, beautiful orange-coral flowers, fringed crimson.

MRS. GLADSTONE—Exquisite soft and bright pink, with rosy blush wings; large and profuse flowers.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND—Royal blue shaded bell-shaped, a magnificent flower and of large size.

COUNTRESS OF RADNOR—Delicate lavender and mauve; a really lovely variety.

REVEREND'S SEPARATING SWEET PEAS—This grand strain of new Sweet Peas in mixture is unequalled. It includes not only the best of Reverend's novelties, but also many new seedlings not yet named and of surpassing beauty.

A GARDEN FOR A DOLLAR

For a dollar we will send, postage paid, the following collection of choice plants and roots, consisting of distinct varieties of the following:

6 Gladioli 1 Tuberosa Begonia 2 Dahlias 1 Fuchsia 1 Geranium 1 Tuberosa

Twenty-five packets of seeds of different varieties of flowers or vegetables (your own or our selection), \$1.

CENTROSENA GRANDIFLORA (Look at Me.)—An entirely new plant—a perfectly hardy perennial vine growing from 6 to 8 feet high, of rare and exquisite beauty. Blooms early in June from seed sown in April and bears in the greatest profusion inverted pea shaped flowers from 1½ to 2½ inches in diameter, and ranging in color from a rosy violet to a reddish purple with a broad feathered white marking through the center. The large buds and the back of the flowers are pure white, making it appear as if one plant bore many different colored flowers at one time. It is one of the most original and striking Novelties offered to the public in many years. Price, 20 cents per Packet, 3 for 50 cents, or 6 Packets for \$1.00. Postpaid to any address.

"SIMMERS' Toronto Parks Lawn Grass Seed (for sowing now) 30c. per lb.

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147, 149 and 151 King Street

TORONTO, CANADA.

Please Mention this Paper.

Not So Ignorant After All.

"You think you know a lot about music," sneered Maxson. "But I'll bet you don't know the difference between grand opera and comic opera."

"Yes I do," said Jackson. "There's some fun in grand opera."

But It Wasn't.

Passenger (on elevated railway)—Please let me off at the Volapuk Club.

Trainman (a few minutes later)—Haabenhumph nex!

Passenger (to companion)—This is the place, Charlie.

When Buying Diamonds

two considerations deserve attention, viz., Price and Quality.

When buying PRICE is perhaps uppermost in your mind. After you've bought you lose sight of Price and QUALITY becomes your chief thought.

We can and will give you both, as our personal selection from the cutters in Amsterdam enables us to do so to our mutual advantage.

Ryrie Bros.

Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts.

Not only in diamonds do we excel, but in all precious stones—Pearls, Sapphires, Turquoise, Rubies, Emeralds and Opals.



Varsity Chat.

AMONG the matters which will come before the Legislative Assembly at its present session, is a bill to extend the University term into the month of July. For many reasons it is to be hoped that the House will not allow itself to be cajoled into endorsing any such piece of silliness as this. Even as matters stand now the financial weakness of the University prevents it from paying salaries large enough to enable it to retain the services of men who have acquired any particular reputation for scholarship in their special branches. If to this is to be added an extra two months, work in the hottest part of the year, the result will be an exodus of every professor or lecturer who is able to obtain a position elsewhere and the standing of the institution will be reduced to the second class. Then, again, the change would seriously interfere with that large body of theological students who supplement their incomes by laboring in the mission fields during the summer months. Furthermore, it is very doubtful if another two months of lectures would greatly increase the amount of positive knowledge annually acquired by the average undergraduate, while severe study during the warm weather would certainly not have a beneficial effect on the health of anybody who may be compelled to go through it.

Two important changes are about to be made in the curriculum. In the first place, all text books in fourth year mathematics are to be struck off the calendar. This has been brought about through the efforts of Professor Baker, but it is fully endorsed by his students, who think it will be a decided improvement as it will widen the line of study and have a tendency to render the course more stringent. The other change consists of the institution of a new honor course, comprising portions of the present pass and honor work in Greek, Latin, English, French, German, and Italian. Whether this departure will be in any great degree popular remains yet to be seen.

Henceforth the registrar is to initial all ballot papers for the election of members of the Senate. No hint has been given as to the reasons for this regulation, but it looks like an indication that a liberal education is no security against the use of ordinary political methods on the part of our graduates. As a commentary on electoral morality it is somewhat saddening to find even this slight touch of suspicion cast upon the actions of the alumni.

The existence of Residence is again endangered. This time the attack comes in the shape of a proposal to use part of it as a museum for the Department of Mineralogy and Geology. True, a sort of implied promise is at the same time given that a new residence may be erected sufficiently large to accommodate one hundred students, but it is pretty safe to assert that the latter part of the scheme at least will never be carried out.

President Loudon is to the fore with a recommendation to remodel the system of fellowship. He wishes to abolish the present system and to establish in its place a higher grade of teachers, to be called instructors or assistant demonstrators, according as their duties include practical laboratory work or not. These appointments are to be held during pleasure, subject to their being confirmed at the end of one year's service. The initial salary is to be \$700, with an annual increment of \$100 until it reaches \$1,000, while the initial salary of lecturers is to be increased to \$1,000. The benefit of the new regulation is to be extended to the present assistant demonstrators.

Prof. Baldwin has delivered his closing lecture in philosophy to the students of the third and fourth year. He will leave for Princeton immediately after the close of next month's examinations. His departure will be keenly regretted by everybody, but more especially by those who have derived pleasure and profit from his instruction. It is said that some of the students are seriously considering the advisability of following him to his new seat of usefulness.

The tournament committee of the World's Fair has accepted the entry of the Toronto University Baseball Club. This entitles the club to send twelve members to the fair, their expenses to be paid by the athletic department of the exhibition. The conditions are that the club be made up of bona fide students, receiving no remuneration for their services to the nine and pursuing a regular course of study at the University. All the strong college clubs of the States will be present, and a great series of contests is expected. The acceptance of this entry has given a great impetus to baseball here, and an effort is now being made to form a city college league comprising Trinity, Wycliffe, Victoria, and St. Michael's, with perhaps Knox and McMaster.

Arrangements are being pushed forward for the production of Sophocles' Antigone next fall. As the result of an introductory practice, Mr. Torrington has selected about thirty voices which he has classified in the different parts. The music has been distributed among the singers so that it may be partially prepared during the summer vacations and thus made somewhat lighter when the regular rehearsals begin in October.

One of the most successful of our recent graduates is Mr. J. H. Rodd of Windsor, who, though he obtained his degree only four years ago, has already attained for himself a well established position in the ranks of the legal profession. Mr. Rodd took his B.A. in the Department of Modern Languages. Subsequently he achieved the distinction of being a medalist, both at the Law School and in the LL.B. course of the University. As he is a deep but clear thinker, an energetic worker and a fluent speaker, his success is assured.

Despite the shadow of approaching examinations, quite a large audience was attracted by Mr. C. A. Chant's lecture on the Polarization of Light. The discourse, which was delivered in the mathematical and physical room, was illustrated by experiments with the polariscope

and other instruments of science. Through the kindness of the president, several of the science rooms were thrown open to inspection and an instructive hour was spent examining the apparatus displayed.

Professor Mavor has taken steps to clear up the misunderstanding as to the examination in political science. He explains that no change is to be made in the relative importance of the subjects on the course, the economics being simply divided into three sections dealing with the periods closed respectively by Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill and the Austrian school. Two hours and a half will be allowed to each of these three papers, and each will consist of eight questions, of which five are to be answered.

Canada's newest monthly magazine is amply fulfilling at least one purpose of its being, in that it is affording an outlet to the literary aspirations of native genius. The April number contains a long poem entitled East and West, by Professor Chapman; an article on the National State, by Mr. C. A. Stuart, B.A., president of the Varsity Literary and Scientific Society; and a poem by Mr. J. A. Tucker, an undergraduate.

Rev. Father Walsh and F. Tracey, B.A., have been appointed substitute examiners in the department of philosophy. W. D. Kerswill, B.A., will act as examiner in Orientals.

Victoria Y. M. C. A. has chosen the following officers for the ensuing year: President, F. W. Hollinrake; vice-president, A. B. Osterhout; corresponding secretary, H. T. Lewis; recording secretary, G. W. Johnston; treasurer, J. W. Conolly.

An association for the maintenance of a spirit of loyalty to the mother country has been formed among those in attendance at Knox College.

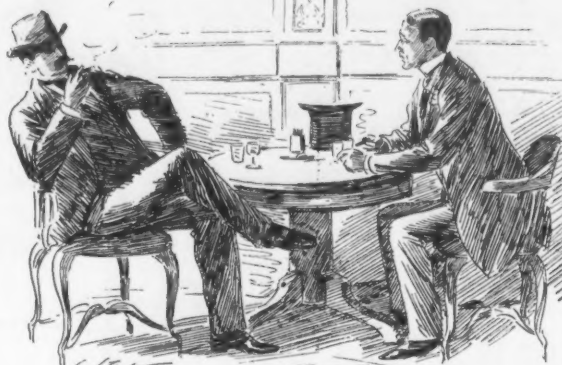
ADAM RUFUS.

Art and Artists.

THE spring exhibition of the Palette Club is now open at Matthews' gallery. There is not a very large collection, and there are only two large canvases, one Mr. Reid's Adagio, and the other, Mr. Bell-Smith's Morning on the Thames. Mr. Ahrens sends No. 1, a small bit, Evening. There are six paintings by Mr. Bell-Smith, of which the best are London Bridge, No. 3, and Morning on the Thames, No. 5, mentioned above. This gentleman displays great versatility and is to be congratulated on the realistic effect achieved in representing the motley crowd on this great highway of London.

In the foreground there is a capital violet vendor, who displays her wares to the passers-by in hopes of finding a purchaser. The pose of the figure, the drapery and the countenance of this young woman are well handled. The boy with his hand barrow, caddy and his hansom, the green omnibus, the butcher's boy, the baker's boy with his basket perched on his head, are all true to life. This work is unquestionably the best we have seen from the brush of this artist. The atmospheric effect of Morning on the Thames is grand, the water, barges, bridge and sky are faithful representations of what the visitor to London cannot fail to observe. When this picture was finished we had the pleasure of examining it and we observe that the artist has touched up the ensign and smoke-stack on the barge. If we might offer a suggestion it would be that these be restored to their former shades. No. 7, A Study in Holland, represents a meadow in the low-land country and is faithfully portrayed, but in consequence of there being so little sky it is not so admirable as others of the artist's landscapes. Tour Eiffel, No. 4, is not up to Mr. Bell-Smith's standard and this may be because it does not appear to be finished. Mr. Challenger sends from No. 8 to 14, all dainty little bits such as he usually produces, with the exception of A Maiden Fair, which is one of the best of this artist's productions. No. 11 is the head and shoulders of a handsome young lady and the work displays much talent. The coloring is very good and if an improvement could be made it would be in re-modeling the back of the neck where the light ends. Mr. Grier sends one picture which he seems to be well pleased with as it has been exhibited several times already. There is a glorious Sunset in No. 16, by Mr. Jacobi, and two Landscapes, Nos. 17 and 18, by the same artist, are painted in his usually masterly manner. Mr. Manly sends seven landscapes, all carefully executed, the Wallbrook Bridge, Dartmoor, being the favorite. The grouping of the cattle gathered on the bank of the small stream is splendid, and the coloring and atmospheric effect could not be excelled. This gentleman is to be congratulated in producing such good work. Mr. O'Brien has eleven numbers, some of which have been exhibited before, all in his inimitable style. There are three paintings of flowers in Mr. O'Brien's collection. No. 33, an arrangement in white and pink, is a fine piece of work, but there is something uncertain about the surface on which the vases stand. The Trio, No. 35, is admirable and much admired, while No. 26 is not quite so pleasing to the uninitiated. Most of his landscapes could not be better than they are. Mr. Reid sends five numbers, the principal one being Adagio, which is a Spanish word used by composers of music, and in English means a movement slower than andante. It represents a young lady seated at a piano, while two others are seated near by listening to the pleasant strains of the musician. The light streaming in through the parted curtains falls upon the back of the player. It is a splendid effect of light and shade. Everything about the subject is immensely pleasing, if we might except the lady behind the piano, whose face does not give evidence of great appreciation of music. Solitude is a water color, and it seems so much out of Mr. Reid's line that one hesitates to give expression to an opinion. The majority of the onlookers could not understand the subject, and in fact the writer is in the same position. The other two numbers have been on exhibition before. Mr. Reid has A Sunny Pastime, No. 43, which is quite dainty and natural. The Roses in a Spanish Water Jar, No. 42, is one of the

His Decadence.



Riverside—Rondo tells me he sold six poems to the magazines last week. Jack Lever—Poor fellow! and he used to write such good poetry, too!—Puck.

gems of the exhibition, but this charming lady always excels in flowers, and it is only repeating praise to say more of her work. Miss Tully sends three canvases. The Head, No. 46, is a strong piece of work and very creditable. The portrait of The Young Girl, No. 47, is a very handsome bit of coloring. The expression in the face of The Peasant Girl in No. 48 is very good. Mr. Thompson sends three small bits, two of them winter scenes, and very well done, but the third, a Scene in the Forest of Fontainebleau, No. 51, should not have been sent for exhibition, judging from the remarks passed upon it by many critical visitors. This finishes the catalogue, but just as I am about to take my departure a small Window Study, by Mr. Challenger, arrives and is a perfect little gem. I cannot leave without mentioning it. The subject is a young girl at a table writing in front of a window, through which the light streams in upon her golden hair. The exhibition is quite successful and if Mr. Matthews had had some heat in his room visitors would have been even better pleased. We would advise all our readers to pay the exhibition a visit, as it will remain open for some time.

Miss Hemming, for many years a prominent artist of Quebec, has removed to Toronto and has opened a studio in the Confederation Life Building.

The Spring exhibition of the O. S. A. opens to-day at the Gallery on King street west.

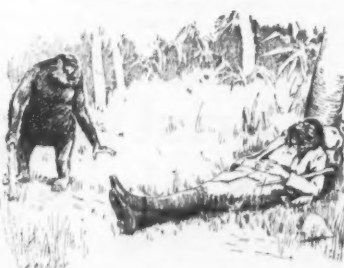
Mr. Carl Ahrens is taking up residence permanently at Doon, Ont., and is arranging sketching classes, composed of both professionals and amateurs, for the summer. Anyone desiring to join these classes should write Mr. Ahrens at Doon.

Taking Him At His Word.

The wonderful success that has attended the building sale of Mr. R. Simpson, the well known Yonge street dry goods man, serves as a good illustration of the confidence the public will have in the printed announcements of certain business houses. Mr. Simpson during his long business career has never been else than open and candid with the public, and is a despoiler of any methods of business that partake of a fakish character. So when the time has come for him to say to the public, "I am about tearing down my present premises to make ready for the erection of a retail shopping concern on a palatial scale, and in order to accomplish this am going to dispose of my present large stock regardless of profits," the public know the statement is made not as a "draw" for trade without any reality behind it, but that it is genuine and bona fide.

The sale certainly comes at an opportune time when spring shopping is a necessity with everyone. An examination of goods and prices shows plainly the reductions that Mr. Simpson is making in goods in all parts of the house. Asked by SATURDAY NIGHT if these reductions applied to all departments and to the new spring importations, which we learned had been made before the erection of a new building had been decided upon, we were told "yes." The simple position is, the contractors are now at work and the goods must be got out of the way.

Mr. Simpson means business, and is doing just what he says. That shoppers have taken him at his word is evidenced by the numbers that are crowding the store daily and the large orders that are going out of town in connection with the mail order system of the house.



—Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done 't.—Macbeth.

Clairvoyants.

The Americans, as a general thing, are of the opinion that they are extremely intelligent, and the German American claims to be much more so. When the latter sit around a table and absorb beer into their systems, they are very severe to the Americans for the encouragement given to spiritualism in this country. And yet the German Americans themselves must give considerable encouragement to soothsayers and clairvoyants, to judge by the advertisements we read in the German American newspapers.

Soothsaying is an industry by which as much money can be made as by brewing beer. If the seer goes at it the right way. It is a mistake to suppose that a prophet always is without

honor in his own country. If he furnishes the kind of prophecies the people need, he can do a big business and have all the honor he needs for home consumption and some left over for the local trade.

When a soothsayer, as is frequently the case, does not know what to say, he can get off a non-committal sort of a prediction that will fit any emergency that can possibly arise.

The ancient soothsayers had this down fine. When Croesus applied to them for some reliable prophecies about his campaign, the oracles said without any hesitation: "When Croesus crosses the Halys river a vast kingdom will be destroyed."

Croesus, thinking he had a sure thing of it, a great kingdom was destroyed, just as the oracles had predicted; but unfortunately it happened to be his own. The oracle who understands the business never need make any mistakes.

People love dearly to be humbugged. It is one of their most cherished rights, guaranteed them by the Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights. The magicians of the Orient got in their little work pretty much in the same way as do the medicine men of the Sioux.

The ancient German was as superstitious as a little child, being no better in that respect than the negro of the present day. But the modern German is above all such foolishness! I shan't do so! What do this and similar advertisements mean in the columns of the local German papers?

Lina Tirol, the celebrated Munich soothsayer and clairvoyant, may be consulted at No. 1,000 on such a street.

And in one issue of a New York German daily there were no less than nineteen similar advertisements.—Texas Siftings.

A Boy's Confidence.

"The most wonderful exhibition of confidence by one person in another came before me a short while back on my tour through Germany," said S. C. Oldfather. "I have a great deal of confidence in some men's ability, and a wonderful trust in some men's nerve and steady strength," he continued, addressing a reporter, "but not enough to stake my life on either."

"The exhibition that I saw seemed foolhardy. It was in the works of the great Krupp Arms Company. One part of the machinery is for flattening bars of steel into plates. For

this a special machine is had, which has an immense steel block or table on which to lay the bars, and a great arm sledge which weighs several tons and comes down with crushing velocity.

"It is perfectly regulated by machinery, however, and the man at the throttle can stop it with ease at any given distance from the block, provided he has sufficient steadiness of nerve."

"The day I went through, the manager accompanied us and requested the man at the check valve to show us how sure and certain was the machinery. Without reply the mechanic whistled to a lad some thirty feet away."

"The boy dropped what he was doing and came running. 'Jump up,' said the first, and muttered something about showing us the machine. Without reply the lad leaped to the steel table beneath the great iron block. We were horrified, but the work was too quickly done to permit objection."

"The moment the lad settled down the engineer grasped the lever, and the great sledge with lightning rapidity flew up and down again toward the block. It was all done in a second. Its downward course was checked by the steady fingers at the valve, and it stopped a few inches above the lad's head, who smilingly climbed down and started away."

"We raised a purse to present the twain with, which was at first refused. The manager finally consented to order them to take the money, which they did. I never expect to witness such another exhibition of confidence and nerve."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

What he Took.

Bobby (at the breakfast table)—Maud, did Mr. Jones take any of the umbrellas or hats from the hall last night?

Maud—Why, of course not! Why should he? Bobby—That's just what I'd like to know. I thought he did, because I heard him say when he was going out, "I'm going to steal just one, and—"

Why, what's the matter, Maud?

SHILOH'S CURE.
Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee.
Sold by Hargreaves Bros.

PRESENTATION ADDRESSES
DESIGNED & ENGRAVED BY
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TORONTO

J. YOUNG
THE LEADING UNDERTAKER
347 Yonge Street, Toronto
TELEPHONE 679

WH. STONE
349 YONGE ST. EAST
UNDERTAKER
TELEPHONE 932

THIS IS THE SEASON

WHEN EVERY MAN AND WOMEN SHOULD WEAR A

"RIGBY"

Nearly all of the stylish TWEED OVERCOATS AND WRAPS you see around town are RIGBY Proofed, but you would not know by their appearance that they were absolutely waterproof.

LOOKING BACKWARD IN HOOKS AND EYES
ANCIENT DEVICES—MODERN.
THREAD LOOPS ETC. BEFORE USE AFTER
FOR FLAT SURFACES EDGE PATTERN
FRANCIS PATENT METAL LOOPS
OUT OF DATE. PERFECTION.

Where can we get your goods? Is an inquiry often sent to the agent for FRANCIS PATENT LOOP HOOKS AND EYES by ladies who have been looking for our goods in antiquated shops, where the mountebank buyer, only partly alive, has not got them yet. They are for sale in the leading King street store and in many of the first-class shops here and throughout Canada. Twenty-one Canadian wholesale houses carry a full range of our goods.

THE BOYS SAY
That the finest laundry work in this city is done at the
67 to 71 Adelaide St. West. Branches—93 and 729 Yonge St.
"PHONE 1127, 1496 and 4607
And what the boys say "GOES."
TRY IT AND SEE

LEHIGH
Celebrated Lehigh Valley
COAL
FROM THE
ONTARIO COAL CO.
GENERAL OFFICE: Esplanade, Foot of Church Street.
BRANCH OFFICES: 818 Yonge Street, 10 King Street East, Queen Street West and Subway, corner Bathurst Street and C. P. R'y.

Olga's Escape.

Continued from Page Two.

however, a guard in the kitchen with strict injunctions not to lose sight of the host and hostess until further orders.

Morosoff and Olga were alone. The first act of the comedy they had improvised had met with complete success. But the storm was far from having blown over. The verification of their passports would show that they were false. The inevitable consequence would be a warrant for their arrest, which might be issued at any moment if the verification were made by means of the telegraph. The sentinel, rigid, motionless, with his sword by his side and his revolver in his belt, was seated in the kitchen, which was at the back, exactly opposite the outer door, so that it was impossible to approach the door without being seen by him.

For several hours they racked their brains and discussed in a low voice various plans of escape. To free themselves by main force was not to be thought of. No arms had been left in the place, for they had been purposely taken away. Yet without weapons how could they grapple with this big, sturdy fellow, armed as he was? They hoped that as the hours passed on he would fall asleep.

But this hope was not realized. When, at about 10.30, Morosoff, under pretext of going into his little room, which was used for various domestic purposes, passed near the kitchen, he saw the man still at his post, with his eyes wide open, attentive and vigilant as at first.

Yet when Morosoff returned Olga would have declared that the way was quite clear and that they had nothing to do but to leave, so beaming were his eyes. He had, in fact, found what he wanted—a plan simple and safe. The little room opened into the small corridor which served as a sort of ante-chamber, and its door flanked that of the kitchen.

In returning to the sitting-room, Morosoff observed that when the door of the little room was wide open it completely shut out the view of the kitchen and consequently hid from the policeman the outer door and also that of the sitting-room. It would be possible, therefore, at a given moment, to pass through the ante-chamber without being seen by the sentinel. But this could not be done unless someone came and opened the door of the little room.

Neither Olga nor Morosoff could do this, for if, under some pretext, they opened it they would of course have to leave it open. This would immediately arouse suspicion, and the policeman would run after them and catch them perhaps before they had descended the staircase. Could they trust the landlady? The temptation to do so was great. If she consented to assist them, success might be considered certain. But if she refused? Who could guarantee that from fear of being punished as an accomplice she would not go and reveal everything to the police? Of course she didn't suspect in the least what kind of people her lodgers were.

Nothing, therefore, was said to her, but they hoped, nevertheless, to have her unconscious assistance, and it was upon this Morosoff had based his plan. About eleven o'clock she went into the little room where the pump was placed to get the water to fill the kitchen cistern for next day's consumption. As the room was very small, she generally left one of the two pails in the corridor while she filled the other with water, and, of course, was thus obliged to leave the door open.

Everything thus depended upon the position in which she placed her pail. An inch or two on one side or the other would decide their fate, for it was only when the door of the little room was wide open that it shut out the view of the kitchen and concealed the end of the ante-chamber. If not wide open, part of the outer door could be seen. There remained half an hour before the decisive moment, which both employed in preparing for flight. Their wraps were hanging up in the wardrobe in the ante-chamber. They had, therefore, to put on what they had with them in the sitting-room. Morosoff put on a light summer overcoat.

Olga threw over her shoulder a woolen scarf to protect her somewhat from the cold. In order to deaden as much as possible the sounds of their hasty footsteps, which might arouse the attention of the sentinel to the profound silence of the night, both of them put on their stockings, which, being elastic, made but little noise. They had to put them on next to their stockings, although it was not particularly agreeable at that season, for they were in their slippers, their shoes having been purposely sent into the kitchen to be cleaned for the following day, in order to remove all suspicion respecting their intentions.

Everything being prepared, they remained in readiness, listening to every sound made by the landlady. At last came the clanging of the empty pails. She went to the little room, threw open the door and began her work. The moment had arrived. Morosoff cast a hasty glance. Oh, horror! The empty pail scarcely projected beyond the threshold, and the door was at a very acute angle, so that even from the door of the sitting-room where they were part of the interior of the kitchen could be seen. Morosoff turned toward Olga, who was standing behind him holding her breath, and made an energetic sign in the negative.

A few minutes passed, which seemed like hours. The pumping ceased; the pail was full. She was about to place it on the floor. Both stretched their necks and advanced a step, being unable to control the anxiety of their suspense. This time the heavy pail banged against the door and forced it back on its hinges, a stream of water being spilled. The view of the kitchen was completely shut out, but another disaster had occurred.

Overbalanced by the heavy weight, the landlady had come half out into the corridor. "She has seen us," whispered Morosoff, falling back as pale as death.

"No," replied Olga excitedly, and she was right. The landlady disappeared into the little room and a moment afterwards recommenced her clattering work.

Without losing a moment, without even turning round, Morosoff gave the signal to his companion by a firm grip of the hand, and both issued forth, hastily passed through the corridor, softly opened the door and found themselves upon the landing of the staircase. With

cautious steps they descended and were in the street, ill clad but very light of heart. A quarter of an hour afterwards they were in a house where they were being anxiously awaited by their friends, who welcomed them with a joy easier to imagine than describe.

In their own abode their flight was not discovered until late in the morning, when the landlady came to do the room.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

New Books and Magazines.

The *Engineer and Inventor* is a new monthly issued in Toronto at 57 King street west. It is edited by Chas. H. Riche and published by J. A. Chespe. Its purpose is to furnish illustrated articles on new machinery, and to be the organ for inventors and mechanical appliances.

A new novel by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, the famous Norwegian author and scholar, *A Harvest of Tares*, appears complete in *Godey's Magazine* for May. The story is a delightful creation, and exceeds in interest any of the author's previous works. Many of the scenes are laid in Norway, where native characters play important parts. It is distinctively a love story, and the reader's interest is held from the opening chapter to the closing paragraph. The illustrations by Aug. Franzén are charming, unique and plentiful, and make *A Harvest of Tares* one of the most conspicuous novels of the year. The usual liberal supply of miscellaneous articles, poems, fashions, illuminations, new features, etc., are to be found in the May number of *Godey's*.

Worthington's Illustrated Magazine for May shows remarkable progress and growth on the part of this highly entertaining periodical, which has already won for itself an enviable place among the choicest magazines of the day. It has been enlarged by sixteen pages in order to give space for timely contributions, and also that the excellent papers in the varied Departments, which are a marked and very valuable feature of this periodical, may hereafter be printed in larger type, corresponding to that in the body of the Magazine. The intentions of the publishers were very liberal at the start, but they are proving themselves far better than their word, and the generous support of subscribers and of the reading public generally warrants this increased expenditure. Good as all previous numbers are, the issue for May is the best of all; and this is saying much in view of the very high standard of excellence *Worthington's* has already established for itself.

REVIEWER.

Canadians at Chicago.

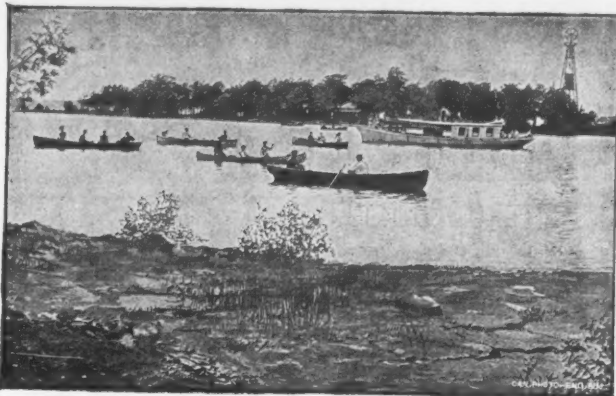
We have received an advance circular from the Canadian Headquarters Club, World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago. The club is distinctly Canadian, having been established with a view to furnish the thousands of Canadians who will visit the World's Fair commodious headquarters, equipped in the style of a first-class club. Exceptionally fine club apartments have been secured in the Marquette hotel, corner Dearborn and Adam streets. These quarters are handsomely furnished and include large reception, reading and smoking rooms, a postoffice, a telegraph office and an information bureau. The club will furnish, free of charge, a suitable assembly room for all societies in affiliation with the club, who intend holding Conventions in Chicago during the Fair. Arrangements for extra accommodation have been completed with the management of the Great Eastern hotel, opposite Washington park. Already a large membership is assured of Canadians residing in the United States, who desire a central resort where they can meet their friends. The Canadian and Scottish Leagues of Chicago, comprising the leading Canadians of that city, are working in conjunction with the club. Members will be supplied with all necessary information and protected against over-charge or impositions of any kind. A list of Canadian residents in Chicago having accommodation to offer will be furnished on application. A list of hotels and private houses will also be furnished, with location and terms, and every facility afforded for assisting members in securing suitable apartments at reasonable prices. A register will be kept of the addresses in Chicago of members of the club, so that their friends will at any time be able to find them. All the leading Canadian and American papers will be kept on file. The fee for membership is five dollars. C. L. Coulter, M.D., Toronto, is president; J. H. McKeegle, Barrie, vice-president; Geo. Dunstan, Toronto, managing director for Canada; John C. Amendt, Chicago, director for the United States, and J. H. Grant, Mail building, Toronto, secretary of the club.

Trained Nurses

Mr. H. C. Tinsley, of the Staunton, Va. *Vindicator*, who was recently a patient at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, writes interestingly about trained nurses as follows in a recent issue of his paper:

One of the facts that seems to be taking hold of many young society girls of late is to become trained nurses. They seem to take it on the sentimental side and to imagine that nursing consists of turning the pillows for an interesting patient and administering medicine at certain hours, for which they are to get the warmest gratitude. They cover the whole work with a romantic glamor which makes it very charming. It has been my fortune for some months lately to see a good deal of the life of a trained nurse in the best American school, the Johns Hopkins Hospital, and if there are young girls who think there is anything romantic about it I beg to say that they are mistaken. Before they can begin their education there they must pass a very severe physical and mental examination, under which they must prove to have strong health and bright minds. If they pass, then begins a life of study and work which must last two years before they can graduate. The training is something wonderful in its completeness. They learn every detail in house-keeping, cooking, cleaning house, and all. They study anatomy, pharmacology, the symptoms and treatment of diseases, to bathe and dress the patients, and they assist in the

"A FAIRY RESTING PLACE"



is Glen Island, situated in the far-famed Bay of Quinte, Ont. The morning express from Toronto connects daily with the steamers at Deseronto, Napanee and Picton, landing passengers at the islands the same afternoon. Although so easily reached Glen Island affords all the retirement found in the most rural districts, a great charm to the lover of nature. The scenery is unsurpassed. The bathing is excellent, and the fishing has been recommended by international anglers for years. A canoe can traverse the Bay with safety. For the children it is "the" place, the gently sloping shores and shallow waters rendering accident well-nigh impossible. Comfortable cottages, for families or single tourists, furnished or unfurnished, all detached, with large lawns between, affording all the privacy of a country residence. A cool, central dining-room, on the island, where excellent board is furnished those desiring it. Daily boats and mails. Lawn tennis, croquet grounds, etc. All necessary supplies such as stoves, wood, ice, canned milk and cream, fresh fruit and eggs, etc., etc., can be procured at the Island daily. City references furnished to anyone desiring information.

N. B.—As the number of cottages is limited it is desirable that those who contemplate visiting the Island during the season should make application for accommodation required as early as possible. Address for full information:

DINGMAN BROS., 25 Brunswick Avenue, Toronto

operating-rooms at all operations at which a woman may properly be present. Their studies go on and must be kept up, no matter how pressing their other work may be. They have lectures two or three times a week from men distinguished in the medical profession on diseases and the treatment of them, and must write out these lectures afterwards. They are taught to dress wounds. Their examinations on their studies are frequent and searching. In brief, their education in medicine and surgery makes them about equal to the average medical graduate, and their education in house-keeping gives them a knowledge that should make them invaluable wives. But there is no romance or idleness in their experience. Their ten hours of service in day or night has not an idle moment in it. In four months' observation of them I never saw a nurse walk slow or lose time over her work. Everything they do is done in the best way and the quickest way. I have seen nurses change the linen and make up a bed in three minutes, and every other nurse makes up the bed precisely the same way—there is but one way to do anything, and that is the way they are taught. As there is some curiosity among young aspirants for the work to know what kind of ladies undertake it, I may say that they struck me as being enlisted from the best social life—young women who would shine and had shone in society, well educated, clever in conversation and with a deportment of striking modesty and dignity. One I saw was once known as a belle of a season at the White Sulphur Springs. Three were Virginia girls, one of them a relative of a distinguished Confederate general. Others were from all parts of North America and many of the best were from Canada. One was a Scotch girl, a relative of the famous general who relieved Lucknow. What struck me most about all the nurses

was the remarkable strength of character in girls so young. They seem to have the deliberation, the forethought and the mature character of women of forty years—the result, I presume, of their training. The profession, besides being a noble one, is a very attractive one when entered upon. A young girl in reply to my enquiry why she, who complained of home-sickness, remained as a student, said to me: "The work is too fascinating for me to leave it." The only touch of romance about the profession that I could see was the prettiness of the girls in their blue dresses and white caps and aprons, and the degree of affection—there is no other name for it—with which any patient possessing the quality of gratitude comes to regard them. If there is enough in these to repay the sentimental girls who talk glibly of becoming trained nurses, for the hard study and hard work undergone in learning the profession, then they may enlist. But the reward is better after they graduate. Trained nurses with certificates from the hospital get \$25 a week when they go out in the practice of their profession, and they have in addition the knowledge that they are doing more practical good to suffering humanity than they could possibly do in any other walk in life save that of physician. Society has many fads, but none I know of as practical as this one.

The Brute.

"Does he write to you regularly since you became engaged?"

"No. Sometimes I only get one letter a day."

Intercepting the Males.

College Student (nervously)—Did the prima donna get my bouquet?

Stage Doorkeeper—Yes, sir; but that six-foot young fellow you see back there got the letter. He's her son.



WE have a very large variety of Italian pattern Sterling Silver Filigree Spoons, which we are offering to the retail trade at reasonable prices. These goods are very artistic and quite new, and when put up in cases are particularly suitable for Wedding presents.

THE TORONTO SILVER PLATE CO.

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KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

E. G. GOODERHAM, Manager

JNO. O. COPP, Sec.-Treas.

Identified.



Circus Manager (searching for a giraffe that has escaped from his menagerie, to farm hand)—Have you seen anything of a giraffe around here, my good man?

The Good Man—A giraffe? Paw! I see a nineteen hand piebald horse, wild an inj-rubber neck, wipin' his nose on the top of thim trees. Is it him yer lookin' fer?—*Luck.*

DENTISTRY.

DR. McLAUGHLIN, Dentist
Cor. College and Yonge Streets. Tel. 4368
Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth.

N. PEARSON DR. C. H. BOSANKO

Dentists

Rooms No. 45 King Street West
OVER HOOPER'S DRUG STORE

DR. ALFRED F. WEBSTER,
DENTIST
Has removed to 33 Bloor Street West. Tel. 3868.

DR. FRANK J. STOWE, Dentist
Student of Dr. Farrel Brown, New York. Office, 403
Spadina Ave., close to College St. Teeth filled evenings by
use of Electric Mouth Illuminator.

M. W. SPARROW, D.S., Dental Surgeon
Central Dental Parlors
N. W. Cor. Spadina Avenue and Queen Street, Toronto.
Special attention paid to painless operating.

DRS. BALL & ZIEGLER (Successors to
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and Gerrard Streets. Dr. Hopkins will be associated with
his successors for a time. Hours 9 to 5. Tel. 2232.

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THOMAS COOK, 204 King Street West
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Diseases of Women and Children
190 COLLEGE ST. TELEPHONE NO. 2888

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Special attention given to diseases of Throat, Lungs and
Nervous System, Electricity and Inhalation.
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Hours—10 a.m. till 4 p.m., and 7 to 8 p.m.

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EYE AND EAR SURGEON
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ANDERSON & BATES
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist
Telephone 3922. No. 5 College Street, Toronto.

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HOMOEOPATHIST
Specialties—Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases
of Women. Office hours—11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

DR. PALMER
40 College Street
Telephone 2180. 1st floor from Yonge Street.

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Young Women's Christian Guild Building
19 and 21 McGill Street, Toronto
The pupil advances from the study of the finest antiquities
to the living model.
Professors—G. A. REID, R.C.A., J. W. L. FORSTER,
R.C.A., HAMILTON MCCARTHY, R.C.A., L. R.
O'BRIEN, R.C.A.
Circulars and terms of application at the studios, or by
mail on addressing the Secretary.

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ARCADE, TORONTO, ONT. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

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MEISTERSCHAFT SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES

30 Queen Street West

Special afternoon classes for ladies. Conversational les-
sons in French, German, Italian, Spanish classics. Pre-
parations for University examinations. J. V. OUSIN,
Principal.

New Shoes

We have been very busy this week
opening case after case of

FINE AMERICAN SHOES

We will have them all ready by
Saturday. Come and have a look
at them.

H. & C. BLACHFORD

43 to 45

King Street East

WHO'S YOUR HATTER

WHO'S YOUR HATTER

ESTABLISHED 1901

J. & J. LUGSDIN

THE LEADING

Hatters and Furriers

101 Yonge Street, TORONTO

Phone 9375

Around Town.

Continued from Page One.

not more than one among a hundred husbands so deserted, but pursues and stops his runaway wife, and perhaps more than half of such wives are restored to the hearth and homes they have disgraced, prostituted and polluted beyond pardon. The sin of such a woman may be pardonable in the sight of Him who died that the unclean might be washed, but nothing short of infinite love and pity can condone her offence. To forgive such a sinner is repugnant to something in human nature—she can never recover her lost place in social esteem—and if her forgiveness could be procured by a word most of us would begrudge that word. Pardon for such must tax the resources of the infinite. Restored to her home there can never again exist in this world a trust and sympathy between husband and wife. Although her sin be never spoken by the husband, it must be told him over and over by all the voices of the night; in the dusk of evening the story of her one-time perfidy must be borne in again and again with an anguish ever new upon his fugitive, uneasy soul—borne in by the singing of the old tin kettle on the stove, or by the skillful thrumming of the grand piano in the stately home. The warbling of birds must be to him a shrieking of the story, every averted face must reiterate it, and the first cry of a babe must sound like a new voice raised in accusation and complaint. And the woman—she cannot be deaf and unmoved. To her every sound must have a voice and even silence a tongue to upbraid her for her sin. Such a reconciled couple may cohabit but they will have no home.

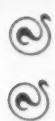
When a man's wife elopes it would generally transpire on investigation that he was not blameless. Usually the woman excuses her crime by pleading the carelessness or cruelty of the husband, and when a man pursues his faithless wife it is probably often the case that he feels in his heart a guiltiness scarce smaller than her own, for cross words, meanness and contemptuous neglect. The husband whose conscience is clear, whose home life has been indulgent, gentle and trustful, would scarcely be the man to re-instate a fallen wife. The home is to him too sacred for that. Society should not ask it, Christianity and its workers should not ask it. Two morals are to be drawn from this outbreak of elopements. The first is that a man who values a clean home and demands that it be sacred, should conduct himself while in it like one who appreciates the value and the sanctity of the place. He should endeavor to exemplify that which he expects. Why should a drinking, runagate, evil-minded and sour-tempered husband expect to keep an angel wife, should he by mischance secure one? He must either infect her with his moral ugliness, kill her by inches or lose her in some other way. The second moral is that, seeing there are divorceable offences committed by husbands and wives every day, the present barrier of expense should be removed from the procuring of divorces. The law specifies one or two cases in which divorces may be granted in Canada, but in order to secure release from a depraved partner one must be prepared for an outlay of several hundred dollars, sometimes a thousand. When a woman disgraces her husband and children in the most flagrant way, providing full cause for divorce under the law, the interests of the injured should become the interests of the State. The woman being a moral and civil offender, a plague and menace to decency, she should not be fortified in her evil course by a hedge-work of parliamentary fees that prevent her being reduced from her status in the family. Poverty may prevent a man from securing a divorce, but poverty cannot cause him to forget and forgive her gross immoralities; it may enable her to retain a place in the house, but not in the affections of a husband or children nor in the respect of outsiders.

MACK.

Just Wanted to Know.

One day the swell artist was passing the house of the younger one, and the latter called to him: "Mr. Chrome, I have just finished two pictures, entirely different in subject, and would like to have your opinion of them." The great man said he would be only too happy to look at them, so, ushering him into the house and opening the parlor, the owner pointed to two pictures hanging on the wall and said: "There they are. One picture is of my father, copied from an old-fashioned ambrotype; the other is a painting of Lily Pond." The artist, adjusting his eye-glasses and looking carefully at the paintings a moment, turned and asked: "Which one did you say was your father, Mr. Madder?"

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ONE WAY
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EVERY FRIDAY

For British Columbia, Washington, Oregon, California in Tourist Sleeping Cars, Toronto to Seattle without change.

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A through Tourist Sleeping Car will leave Toronto at 8:45 a.m. for Boston, Mass., and

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Apply to any C. P. R. Ticket Agent for full particulars.

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TELEPHONE 311.

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Instead of rising early for the sake of inhaling a little extra pure oxygen before the hum and drum of every day's work and industries poison the atmosphere, just lay in bed a while longer, then rise and at once fortify your system with a drink of nature's oxygenated water.

RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER

In a few moments you will feel its revivifying influence at work; the bad taste in the mouth, the coated tongue, and the "I-don't-care-to-work feeling" will be all gone; the stomach under the spell of this tonic water will resume its functions wonderfully, and by the time you are ready for breakfast your appetite will be glorious.

NO SPIRITUOUS STIMULANTS

can produce the same tonic effect that this Microbe Killer does. To use liquors of any kind as stimulants of the appetite is simply slow suicide when resorted to by persons in ordinary health.

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Births.

BLAIR—March 23, at 90 Vancouvery street, the wife of Mr. Trayton Blair (National Electrotypes and Stereotype Company) of a daughter.

MACDONALD—April 13, Mrs. D. Macdonald—a daughter.

STUART—April 17, Mrs. W. Stuart—a son.

DENISON—April 16, Mrs. Charles Denison—a daughter.

DANIEL—April 13, Mrs. C. D. Daniel—a daughter.

HILL—April 10, Mrs. Byron Hill—a son (premature).

ANDERSON—April 8, Mrs. C. Anderson—a daughter.

GODDARD—April 15, Mrs. Fred Goddard—a daughter.

COTTON—April 10, Mrs. J. S. Cotton—a daughter.

FURLONG—April 14, Mrs. James Furlong—a daughter.

MARLEY—April 6, Mrs. George Marley—a son.

SAUNDERS—March 30, Mrs. W. Saunders—a son.

GRAY—April 7, Mrs. Henry J. Gray—a daughter.

MACDONALD—April 9, Mrs. J. Macdonald—a daughter.

Marriages.

OLIVER—ROBERTS—April 14, Charles Edward Oliver to Maggie Roberts.

WATSON—JARMAN—April 18, W. G. Watson to Ada Jarman.



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We have just opened out some very Nobby New Styles

Satin and Cloth Capes

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WILL WASH

Used exclusively by the Associated Artists of New York and the Decorative Art Societies of the United States and Canada and leading Art embroiderers everywhere. Their superiority has been recognized by the award of a Special Medal of Merit over all other makes by the American Institute in competition with the world's manufactures.



PHILIP—MAXWELL—April, Joseph Philip to Margaret Maxwell.
COLES—McKEE—April 5, Alfred G. Coles to Jennie McKee.
YOUNG—ENGLISH—April 6, James A. Young to E. Ada English.
COLEMAN—ROBERTSON—April 12, T. F. Coleman to Carrie Belle Robertson.
WILLMOTT—WILSON—April 12, Norman E. Willmott to Annie Marion Wilson.
KIRBY—BLIGHT—April 13, R. G. Kirby to Lizzie M. Blight.
TORRENS—HARRISON—April 13, William J. Torrens to Henrietta Harrison.
HOME—PEUCHEN—April 15, William Home to Nora Peuchen.
BURCHARD—WINANS—April 16, Dr. T. H. Burchard to Olive Willmot Winans.

Deaths.

CRAUFURD—April 15, Louise Craufurd.
HUNTER—April 14, Adeline M. Hunter, aged 1.
HUNTER—April 14, Samuel Hunter, aged 67.
SHANKLIN—April 16, John M. Shanklin, aged 21.
SETHCHELL—April 14, James W. Sethcell, aged 33.
ARDAGH—April 16, William D. Ardagh, aged 65.
CALDER—April 18—Jared Calder.
GREET—April 17, Thomas Y. Greet.
GRAVES—April 17, Bertha Graves, aged 27.
KAPPELE—April 15, James Kappele, aged 27.
MURPHY—Chatham, April 16, Madeline Murphy.
MADDEN—April 17, Harriet Madden.
NESBITT—April 17, J. H. Nesbitt.
LAIRD—April 17, Thomas Laird, sr., aged 69.
WILLMOTT—April 16, Ella Willmott, aged 16.
PRESTON—April 12, David Preston.
SIBALD—April —, Janet Sibald, aged 85.
FREEMAN—April 13, Ada Constance Freeman.
JOHNSTON—April 13, Nelson Johnston.
LOCKE—April —, Joseph Locke, aged 83.
OAKLEY—April 13, Jennie E. Oakley, aged 16.
SIMONS—April 13, Elsie E. Simons.
VINCENT—April 11, Thomas Vincent, aged 91.
DIXON—April 12, Elizabeth Anne Dixon.

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IMPORTANT REDUCTION

IN THE

PRICES OF GAS

The directors of the CONSUMERS' GAS COMPANY have pleasure in announcing to gas consumers and the public generally that, on ascertaining the result of the half year's business just closed, they have decided

To Reduce the Net Prices of Gas

For prompt payment from 1st April inst., as follows:

	Per 1,000 CUBIC FEET.
To consumers of 200,000 cubic feet and under per annum, from	\$1 12½ to \$1 05
To consumers of over 200,000, and up to 500,000 cubic feet per annum, from	1 05 to 1 00
To consumers of over 500,000 cubic feet per annum, from	1 00 to 90
For gas for stoves, grates and engines, supplied by separate meters, from	1 00 to 90

The extra discount to consumers of over 200,000 cubic feet per annum will be usual be allowed at the end of each year, on 30th September.

The directors are satisfied that the above low prices will make gas cheaper than any other illuminating or cooking agent, and thus place it within reach of all classes of the community.

According to recently published statistics of American gas companies the above prices are, with the exception of two or three places in the bituminous coal district, lower than those charged by any other gas company in America.

The illuminating power of the gas supplied from a five-foot burner now averages over 21 candles, as compared with 17½ candles when the last reduction in price was made.

W. H. PEARSON

General Manager and Secretary